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THE RHETORIC OF MODERN MUSIC

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THE four elements of musical style: rhythm, melody, harmony, and form—have occupied at one time or another, positions of varying importance in the development of music. To the historian who is concerned with the process of development, these elements appear to have originated in the order named, although the critical theorist cannot at once agree with so simple an explanation, for he finds it difficult to conceive of any musical thought without its embodiment in material form. The theorist must also consider the other elements so interdependent as to justify the belief that melody lies inherent in what appears to be the most simple rhythmic combination, and that harmony is implied in any melodic succession whatever.

At certain periods, however, one or more of these elements predominate. Rhythm, thus, is the outstanding feature of primitive music, as simple melody worn smooth by usage characterizes folk-music; while "poly-melody" is the very definition of polyphony. The classical period is so named largely because of its emphasis upon formal structure, although the change to an harmonic point of view was also important. Following parallel movements in literature and politics, music broke away from the classic tradition and entered a romantic period, which has continued to the present day in Realism, Symbolism, Impressionism, and other contradicting, centrifugal resultants of emotional Romanticism. Rhythm, color, and harmony are in the foreground, although the order of importance may vary with individual composers. In the last forty years all three have grown more dissonant.

Some, who do not object to the title "Conservatives" at such a time as this, deplore the invasion of crass rhythm, barbaric

color, and crashing harmonic dissonance, whether brutally realistic or subtly impressionistic. They sincerely believe that the modern extremists are on the direct road to barbarism. Others who have unbounded faith in the new "Freedom," believe that the field of Art is unlimited and that nothing is useless as art-material just as nothing in the physical world is entirely useless. Accordingly, they have hope even in the music of the Italian noise-machines.

The critic of modern music is at once confronted by this problem of the materials of the art, the harmonic vocabulary, and the melodic idiom. There is also the interesting question of an amalgamation of the new material with the old. The impression of unpleasantness sometimes resulting from a sudden juxtaposition of the two, may be due to the fact that we are living in a period when the new is strange in its newness, or this impression may be the result of inherent differences in the two processes. The juxtaposition is nowhere more apparent than in the music of certain lesser composers of the present day, who seem to have decided to insert a few modern idioms in an otherwise mid-Victorian composition. However, we may admit all the newest words in music so long as some listeners, other than the composer, understand the language. More important than problems of vocabulary is the consideration of form and especially of what may be called rhetoric, in the music of to-day and of the future.

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After only a superficial survey of modern music, emphasis upon form seems unwarranted. That it is about the last element mentioned in a characterization of the period is due in part to the fact that design is most successful when inconspicuous and unobtrusive. It is also due to a narrow conception of the meaning of the term. When "form" is mentioned, most musicians think only of the formal and arbitrary arrangements of the classical period and certain extremely conservative tenets of Bussler and Prout which were successfully modified by later romanticists and are now fortunately and properly relegated to the past. The impression that rhetorical design is relatively unimportant in modern music is furthered by the fact that some composers are so interested in the vocabulary they are using as to be oblivious to style.

On the other hand, a careful investigation will prove that rhetorical form is much more important than most observers

realize, and that the greatest composers of the present period are experts in style. Contemporary composers likely to be earliest forgotten, are those who are interested only in the magic legerdemain of the new musical vocabulary and who neglect the construction of a real message. It is scarcely necessary to emphasize the fact that great music is the result of a coöperation of the four musical elements. A composer lacking in rhythmic, melodic, or harmonic interest is subject to immediate criticism, although at any given moment in a composition it is not likely that all these are of prime importance. However, the expression of form, the stylistic rhetoric of music, is continuously important. The danger that some modern music may fail at this point is greater than that it may fall into rhythmic or harmonic chaos.

The best music of the nineteenth century is music in which there was an amalgamation of harmony and polyphony. Similarly in the twentieth century, the greatest music will be written when the modern harmonic vocabulary, combined with engaging color and rhythmic interest, expresses ideas with all the force of rhetorical form (using the term "form," as we have come to use the term polyphony in its freest and best sense).

Regard for rhetorical structure does not confine the composer to any specific forms such as the "Sonata-form." This emphasis upon fixed designs has done much to prejudice the study of true form. Although the purity of outline of the classical sonata is admired and compared to the formal beauty of Greek sculpture, the modern composer and the modern sculptor are not expected to confine themselves to these rather impersonal and static forms.

The Classical School, with its balanced phrases and emphasized cadential endings, wrote beautiful musical poetry, but to-day Scriabine and others have written in a style which more nearly approximates that of prose. This does not excuse the latter from an examination of their rhetorical style; in fact, rhetoric is even more important in prose than in poetry, because of the greater freedom of prose. In this comparison of modern music and prose forms, there is no intention to refer to the emotional content of prose and verse. Much that is, from a formal standpoint, musical prose, is extremely poetic; just as Tagore's prose is poetic. Much poetry is prosaic. Mendelssohn at times delighted in the niceties of formal "irregularities in regularity" somewhat as Dryden did, and will be read less and less, for the same reason. Beethoven, like Milton, became more deeply philosophic in his poetic style than Strauss succeeded in becoming

in "Also Sprach Zarathustra." It is extremely important that present-day composers face this fact and realize that the greatest criticism of the modern school as a whole, is its lack of depth. Superficial ideas are often expressed with elaborate means, but all the richness of harmony and orchestral color does not prevent the listener from realizing that the composer has no message. Some would say that the new idiom does not lend itself to anything but half-tone impressionism. Surely this is not the case. Modern composers should be able to express themselves with greater force because of their increased resources of vocabulary, instrumental color, and rhythmic variety. Some of the Russians are already doing so.

The secret of such expression is inherent in a complete conquest of its rhetorical aspects. This technique is not to be used in a conscious or arbitrary manner but as an unconscious element in the fluency of expression, for form should ever be the servant and not the master of ideas. This fluency of expression is absolutely essential for any logical statement of musical ideas and it is a prerequisite for intelligibility. That it is lacking may account for the incoherency of some modern music, although it is difficult to say in all cases whether it is the intelligence of the critic or of the composer which is deficient.

Formal intelligibility does not necessarily demand regularity in structure. In fact, the listener much prefers the subtle and involved, so long as there is a conviction of sincerity of utterance and inherent, if not expressed, form. One of the main reasons why Bach seems a very modern composer is the fact that he found freedom of rhetoric in his style and that his sentence structure is quite involved and gives Messrs. Prout and Brethren more problems in their mathematics than any other composer they attempt to analyze.

Too much emphasis should not be placed upon a demand for plain intelligibility even, as some composers, like Debussy, prefer to veil the indistinct outlines of their form, and deal in that literary style in which half the charm is the lack of plain statement. There is more promise in music of the *vers libre* type than in poetry of that description (although no art can find its main thoroughfare in this direction), for music can approach with safety nearer to truth which cannot be intelligibly translated in verbal symbols. On the other hand, it is well to point out that in the biological world, the higher the organism, the greater is its organization and that animals with strongest vertebrate systems are most important. Of all the arts, music by the very

evanescent character of the medium itself needs careful organization in its structure.

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Two divisions may be made of the problems of rhetorical structure in music: one concerned with the large form of the work and the other, the detailed form of the smaller units, the concurrent discourse of the musical idea. In modern music the latter tends to become the more important consideration. Composers have discovered that the large form of a work may assume any structure consistent with the type and mood of the composition, if they keep in mind a few fundamental principles of æsthetics, unity and variety, proportion and development. They may then turn their musical thought in almost any direction, so long as they say something, i. e. so long as there is coherency in the rhetorical statement of ideas. The fixed mold of a large form is no longer needed. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, literary programs and designs, descriptive of external objects, have often been used in the place of the classical models but even programs are unnecessary. While literature and nature will always stimulate the imagination of composers, they need not be called upon to furnish substitutes for formal design. When this is fully realized, a true renaissance of absolute music *per se* will follow. That, after all, is the larger freedom. Many musical anarchists are hoping to find in program music an extreme realism. Why do they seek to be free of all harmonic and rhythmic restrictions only to enter a greater bondage!

The large form of his drama, in which musical themes are the sole protagonists, will be as free as the composer desires and its development will be limited only by the character of the ideas themselves. Nevertheless, it is always to be remembered that, however free in form his work may become, no composition can ever ultimately free itself from the necessity of form, because form will continue to be the penalty which everything must pay for the privilege of existing. The composer may manipulate the *dramatis personæ* in a musical plot as he pleases. His principal characters need not always be introduced at the opening of the work as they are in Sonata-form. The heroine, frequently the second theme of this form, need not be awaited expectantly at the closing pedal-point of a bridge-passages, with all the other characters on the stage looking toward her entrance. Stereotyped procedure of this sort may secure the expected applause in some theatres but it should not be a convention required in all

symphonies. There is no reason why the general atmosphere of the work should not be suggested by a long dialogue of secondary ideas or by an impressionistic scenic setting before any musical idea emerges in a principal rôle. Or even, as in G. B. Shaw, there may be no hero or heroine. Sometimes, the musical idea is gradually revealed in its true character and the work concludes with an apotheosis. There is much to be said in favor of saving the musical climax for the very end rather than placing it at the theoretically correct point, both in the classic literary drama and the musical symphony—at the end of the third act of five (i. e. at the end of Development and beginning of Recapitulation). Drama long ago, recognized this liberty and the necessity for metamorphosis and interaction among the characters until the final curtain, a fact which the recapitulation of the old sonata-form forgets. The “live-happily-ever-after” idea of a recapitulation with both themes in the tonic key, is rapidly giving place to more artistic and less stereotyped arrangements. In all of these matters, the composer should have complete freedom, consistent with his own idea.

The more important part of modern rhetorical style is the detailed consideration of “sentence” structure. This is inherently connected with the musical idea itself; one can scarcely say which is form and which idea: hence, its importance. At the present time with Rousseauistic philosophy rampant, any emphasis upon structure calls forth condemnation from those who believe that the “Inner Check” is of the Devil, that Decorum is responsible for all the sins of art, and Society for all the sins of the individual. Musicians of this belief will say that the theorist is, of course, quite willing to grant the composer harmonic freedom and even freedom in the large form, so long as he can fasten the servitude of sentence structure upon him.

It is the province of criticism in art or politics, to search for the Law that is higher than all laws. A recognition of the fallibility of human law and of the tendency of forms to become formalistic, does not imply the giving up of all standards and a return to chaos. The old idea of sentence-structure must be recast. Much of it comes from the days when music had more the rhythms of poetry than of prose, in which harmonic and melodic cadences had almost the effect of rhyme and when balance of phrases approximated verse-form. Some composers will continue to write in this style, in the future as in the past, but others have discarded this type of musical sentence, believing that there is no practical or theoretical reason why a musical thought, cast

in a musical sentence, should always close with an accepted dominant-tonic cadence. Many modern full closes are purely melodic or the feeling of weight is produced by other harmonic means, and these periodic closes are just as satisfactory. Musical punctuation does not depend upon harmonic cadences of a fixed pattern. It is indeed convenient in studying the music of some periods, to call a half-cadence a semi-colon or comma; a full cadence, a period; and interrupted or deceptive cadences, exclamation points, interrogation marks or dashes; but these same effects have been achieved in modern music in many other ways and just as unmistakably and successfully.

Again, the composer must bear in mind that, although there is no longer any need of harmonic cadences, he is not freed from all considerations of structure. Music must be just as intelligible a language and capable of just as much declamation as before, with even greater art. The performer cannot merely repeat words endlessly; he must punctuate and read into the music, the ideas of the composer. Therefore, a coherent rhetorical style is an essential, and more important to-day than ever. To prove that, in the work of great composers of the present, this rhetorical style is highly developed; that it is frequently lacking in others; and, in general, to analyze its processes, is an important field of investigation for the student of modern music.

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When an attempt is made to isolate the form of a composition and consider it apart from the spiritual content of music, the protest is often heard that cruel vivisection is being practiced; but it is only by some such laboratory method as this, that elements can be isolated and studied. Convenience, also, is the only excuse for the use of numerals as symbols. Those who oppose any systematic study of the subject are fond of pointing out the mathematical contradictions of certain theorists. That there have been differences of opinion in details of form, is no criticism of the study in general; rather is it to be expected in any consideration of the intricate structure of music. In the few examples which follow, other analyses may be held equally valid in detail. These are cited not in an attempt to cover the wide field suggested in the preceding paragraph, but as illustrating some features of sentence structure.

An interesting case of extremely elaborate rhythmic and harmonic material, coupled with extreme simplicity (one might

almost say, poverty) of form, may be considered in the analysis of Ornstein's small piano pieces "Poems of 1917." The adjective "small" is properly applied, for, gigantic technically, as has been the attempt to depict phases of the world-war in music, these pieces are all on small canvases and quite innocently regular in form. Hardly anything but regular four-measure phrases can be found from one end of the set to the other.

- I. Introductory 2.
 - A Thesis 4: arsis 3 (producing effect of 4 by addition of a fermata).
 - A^x 4:4
 - A Same form as before.
- II. A Thesis of two trimeters concluded by arsis of quatrimeter.
 - The composer adds two measures to produce complete balance 6:6.
 - A^x 4:4
 - B 4:4
 - A Same as before.
- III. A 4:4
 - A^x 4:4
 - A 4 quasi coda.
- IV. A 4:4
 - A^x 4:5, 6, 6, 6, 7, 8 (cumulative extension but no real rhythmic irregularity).
 - A 4:4 Extended as above to 6 measures.
- V. Introductory 4.
 - A 4
 - A^x 4 (condensed to 3 measures).
 - Concluding 4.
- VI. A 4:4:4 (triple sentence).
 - B 4:4 (last measure extended by regular means, 2 measures).
 - A 4:4:2 (final quatrimeter suggested by a diameter).
- VII. A 4:4 (continued one measure).
 - B 4:4:4
 - A 4 (continued two measures).
- VIII. A 4:4 (cumulative extension of two measures)
 - B 4:4
 - Interlude 2
 - C 4:4 (extended three measures)
 - C^x 4:4
 - Interlude 1
 - C 4 (extended one measure)
 - A^x 4:4
 - 4:4
- IX. Introductory 5 measures.
 - Introductory accompaniment figure 2 measures.
 - A 4:4
 - A^x 4:4
 - Concluding accompaniment figure 2 measures.

X. Introductory 4

A 4:4

A^x 4:4A^{xx} 4:4

Interlude 4

A 4:4

Coda 4:4 (with 2 measures regular extension).

Number eight of the set, which depicts actual warfare, appears to exhibit greater irregularity, but this is in content rather than in form. The formal digressions from regular quatrimeters are, in the main, repetitions of final measures to give the necessary periodic effect, formerly produced by harmonic means. So strong is Mr. Ornstein's feeling for regularity that he properly adds one measure of rest at the end of this number. If one still chooses to mean by "form," stereotyped regularity, it can be found here in greater frequency, perhaps, than in the compositions of Mozart. Toward this fact, the observer may take one of two attitudes: either this music is to be praised for its "purity" of form, or one may deplore the lack of rhetorical interest and wish that the composer had treated the involved subject of a world-war in less rigid musical phrases. One is inclined to miss, for instance, the surging rhetoric of the Chopin Preludes to which these compositions bear some resemblance. This is not intended as a criticism of melodic or harmonic material, in which there is much to interest the listener and to which he may turn his entire attention, probably as Mr. Ornstein intended he should.

Of greater interest from the rhetorical standpoint, are many of Cyril Scott's compositions, notably his Sonata for Pianoforte. They are illustrative also of a skillful use of new methods of punctuation other than the simple repetition or extension of a final measure for periodic effect, noticed in Ornstein. Scott's "Garden of Soul-Sympathy" is quite clear in form although it changes time-signatures in almost every measure and is more subtly irregular than Mr. Ornstein's set.¹

The ten Pianoforte Sonatas of Alexander Scriabin constitute an excellent illustration of the development of newer methods of

¹The first eight measures are in delicately balanced structure. Then follows a complementary phrase of the form 1, 2, 2, 3, 4 and three measures of cadenza-like material concluded by three of changing harmonies. Bar lines are as much a hindrance in the analysis of Scott as they evidently were in the composition itself. For instance, these last three measures have the "weight" of two, as does also the "cadenza." This closes the first section, A. Now a contrasted theme, B, in regular 8-measure outline. Then B reappears in 3/8 time—regular, if we consider one measure of 6/8 inserted as two of 3/8. The final A is interesting as it shows more of the growth which gives interest to rhetoric. The last two measures are twice repeated with changing harmonies and then the final measure itself, still changing color, is repeated three times and a snatch of B brings the number to a close.

sentence structure and punctuation. The first three Sonatas, written somewhat in the style of Brahms, Chopin and Schumann, respectively, are orthodox in structure. In the fourth Sonata, a change has been made to a newer harmonic vocabulary but each sentence still ends with the dominant-tonic cadence, though this is often disguised by appoggiaturas, suspensions and over-lapping. In the fifth Sonata not a single sentence ends with a full cadence. The impression of conclusion upon the main tonality, however, is usually produced in this sonata and in those immediately following, by the use of a part of the tonic harmony with added notes. Gradually, with increased daring and the growth of his vocabulary, the methods of sentence structure and punctuation become much freer and more varied. Even in the last Sonatas, however, not only the large form but also the detailed rhetoric is extremely clear and in the main surprisingly regular.

An analysis of the methods by which Scriabin and other modern composers achieve this clarity of form and coherency of rhetoric would involve detailed treatment at some length, but an investigation of the form of the best modern music, with a consideration of the newer rhetoric, should answer any criticism on that score. Rhetoric is only a means to an end, however, and modern composers have yet to convince many that they have a message of lasting worth. While the theorist must acknowledge the relative unimportance of form in itself, yet it is difficult to think of form apart from content, and an eloquent and forceful rhythmic rhetoric should free and inspire expression.

OUR FOLK-MUSIC AND ITS PROBABLE IMPRESS ON AMERICAN MUSIC OF THE FUTURE

CASUAL REMARKS BY WAY OF SURVEY

By JOHN TASKER HOWARD, Jr.

TO prophesy is more than a pastime with man; it is almost his bread and butter. Whether it be the result of the next election, the probable date of the next war, or even such an everyday topic as the weather, every one feels that he must air his views regarding the outcome. It is therefore not in the least surprising that many of our eminent musicologists should make conjectures as to the future of our national music, and it also is no small wonder that their views should largely differ as to the influence our folk-music will bring to bear.

In the first place, we are not as yet agreed as to what is really American in this folk-music of ours. We know that the Africans, for instance, are a musical race; but how much of the American Negro's song is African and how much of it is imitation of the white man is another matter. Some of us are not as yet agreed as to who are Americans. A writer has told us that in a foreign district of one of our large cities a social worker once visited a public school classroom and questioned the children upon their various nationalities. He asked all the Bohemian children to raise their hands. Quite a number responded, and he went on through the list of Russians, Polish, Armenians, Italians, and the rest. Finally he asked for the Americans, and one little Negro girl raised her hand.

Are we to infer that the Negro is the only true American? We trust not, but there are those who say that because the black man came to our shores unwillingly, and since he himself can remember no ancestry of other than American birth, his claim to the only real Americanism is well founded. These same people will further hold that even the American Indians are not indigenous to the soil, for since they probably migrated from Asia to America *via* Alaska, they are no more native Americans than the Pilgrim Fathers.

It is indeed an unhappy state of affairs if none of us are Americans. But we know that such statements are not to be taken

seriously, and we are coming to recognize that American folk-music consists of those songs which reflect the temper and the habits and customs of the people in various sections of the country. That there will be some impress on the music of the future is undoubted, but it is not easy to determine just what that influence will be.

It is not probable that the impress of the Indian music will be strongly felt. The race itself is dying out, and the exotic flavor of their wild songs and dances is too far removed from the comprehension of the rest of us to ever become vital to our artistic expression. The war dance of the Red Man, his pagan worship songs are too much a part of him to become a part of us, and although many of the Indian melodies and modal idiosyncrasies have been woven into fascinating and interesting compositions of larger dimensions, it does not seem possible that such use will ever become general among American composers.

The music of the American Negro, as we know it, is nearer to us and closer to our own conception of musical expression. The Negro has been more among us than has the Indian, and although the racial distinction has been strongly emphasized, the black people have not been put on reservations by themselves. By intermingling, our musical expressions have found common ground. Whether the melodic outbursts of the African ancestors would have been more comprehensible than those of the Indians is a mooted question, but the combination of what the Negro brought with him, and what he has picked up from us is quite within our understanding.

As for the Negro songs and their relation to a characteristic American school of composition we have many divisions of opinion. We find those who hold that the Negro's musical message lies in his own harmonic sense, inherited from the Africans, and that his part-singing and spontaneous feeling for chords will find its way into the American idiom of to-morrow. Immediately the other side jumps to arms, and answers that the improvised harmonies of the Negro were acquired from the itinerant revivalists who travelled through the South, and that the black man's chords are nothing more than the banal "barber shops" of the college boys' glee club and quartette.

There are those who claim that the spiritual nature of the Negro's song is its greatest message, and at the same time we are told by the other side that this spiritual message is not really religious, as the educated and enlightened understand religion, but that the Black Man knows naught but superstition, and an intense fear of the inevitable. These thinkers would have us believe that the great value of Negro music lies in its pagan element, and that its primitive,

almost barbaric characteristics are its greatest contribution to the American art of the future.

But whatever earmarks an American school of music may acquire in the future, of this we are certain—its attributes must be true to the American people. At present the great majority of American composers are following the steps of various foreign schools. The French idiom has many admirers in this country, and there are those who emulate the Russian. It might almost seem that because of our cosmopolitanism we would always have an assortment of idioms, for those who claim that at present there is no American people speak with a measure of truth. None can deny, however, that we are slowly becoming an American people, and that the day is coming, far distant though it be, when we shall be a distinct race with characteristics, and, it may be, peculiarities.

The fire under the melting pot is hot, and despite the attempts of radicals and agitators to cool it, its heat is slowly but surely amalgamating us all into a race with our own traditions and customs. We shall never have those picturesque customs peculiar to people who have been isolated and whose communication with the outer world has been limited, but is it not entirely possible that the customs developed in the day of progress and science will seem fully as picturesque to our descendants a few generations hence? In the days when air travel is commonplace, the Twentieth Century Limited will very likely be considered every bit as romantic as the stage coach, and when we have our automatic telephones the telephone operator will seem quaint and a relic of the days of courtesy.

Even at this early stage of our development we who would call ourselves Americans have some temperamental qualities quite distinct and peculiar to ourselves. Our foreign neighbors remark on our resourcefulness, our energy, our restlessness, and we pride ourselves on our idealism. The "always in a hurry" spirit is undeniably peculiar to the American business man. Should such attributes prove permanently to belong to the average American, it is logical to believe that American music will reflect them fully as much as will our literature.

We have learned that composers who represent the national schools of other countries frequently draw upon the folk-tunes of their people for their rhythmic and melodic material. We are not in an analogous position to these composers, for we must remember that the same blood flows in their veins that flows in the peasants who sing the songs. Few of us have Negro or Indian blood in our veins, and it is not pleasant to think that they prophesy correctly

who say that the workings of the melting pot will eventually join us with races of another color.

We find, therefore, that the great majority of us are merely the audience as far as American folk-songs are concerned, and that the greater part of our folk-tunes really belong to only certain portions of our population with whom we never wish to be joined by ties of blood. The songs of the Kentucky mountaineers are American by residence only, and their unaltered British origin keeps them from ever becoming truly American. This is my personal opinion. On the other hand, some prominent authorities hold that whatever folk-songs of the many European races or nationalities which make up the American nation, have survived the transplantation on American soil, are legitimately to be considered as forming part of the body of American folk-music.

There are, however, certain elements of the Negro music that have had such a strong influence on us that we have taken them to ourselves. The songs of Stephen C. Foster, a white man, breathe the plantation atmosphere so vividly that the uninformed commonly think of "Old Black Joe," and his other melodies as real Negro songs. These songs were undoubtedly suggested by hearing the Negroes sing songs of their own; hence their Southern flavor, in spite of which the American people from North, East and West have joined the South in making them national.

The popular song of the day is already Negroid, and dance music and various forms of the "rag time" of the music-hall are directly taken from the Black Man. Syncopation has found its way into music of the better sort, and composers have found how fascinating and useful it is in expressing their thoughts.

This syncopation, restless and frenzied as it can become, seems at times to express the very pulse of our American life. There are few of us indeed who can resist shuffling our feet to some of the most commonplace dance-tunes, so captivating is the rhythm. Is it possible that the discordant shriekings of the "jazz" bespeak the feverish American energy? It is well that we may take comfort in the fact that Time is intolerant of the unworthy, and that the trashy elements of such music will be short-lived. But we may rest assured that whatever reflects us truly in our dance-hall music will have a place in our music of the future. From this there is no escape.

On the other hand, what will express our idealism, for American ideals are fast becoming traditional? Is there any quality of the plantation melodies or the Negro spirituals which will tell musical ears of these nobler qualities? Did Dvořák show us the way when he wrote the "New World" symphony?

Time alone will answer these questions. There are, without doubt, contributions from these folk-tunes that will leave their mark on the worthy American music of the future, and many are the prophecies. Would that we could be alive a few centuries hence to see who prophesies aright!

NATIONAL MUSIC AND THE FOLK-SONG

By SYDNEY GREW

I

CONFLICTING views are held universally on the matter of nationalism in music. One body of musicians declares that *nationalism in music* represents a contradiction in terms and that the "national" composer does not and cannot exist. Another body declares that "nationalism" is the beginning and the end of music, and that if a composer is not deliberately and intentionally "national" he can never be a great composer.

Involved in this matter is the subject of folk-music. The nationalist says that British folk-music must be made the basis of British art (i.e., symphonic) music. He says that the composer must consciously and deliberately adapt folk-music to artistic ends, that he must write in the folk-song idiom, and that he must indeed imitate folk-music to the end that his music may acquire "national" characteristics. The nationalist claims that we must reject foreign music or at least refuse to be influenced creatively by foreign ideals. The anti-nationalist says exactly the opposite.

I believe that there is a two-fold cause for these differences of opinion—first, that the nationalist does not think sufficiently far forward or the anti-nationalist sufficiently far backward, and secondly, that neither body of musicians has an adequate idea of the nature of music, of its rise, growth, and ultimate development. I consider that each body misreads musical history, the nationalist recent history and the anti-nationalist history in general.

I try to show in the following pages that the truth of the matter lies midway between these two extremes of opinion, and that both bodies are about equally right and wrong. I try to show that music is formed as a nation itself is formed, and that just as a nation has "national" characteristics so music has the same. Also I try to show that there is a certain fundamental difference between folk-music and art-music, and that British folk-music is not exactly the same as the folk-music of other nations.

The anti-nationalist stresses an argument that, to my mind, has little natural force. The argument is, that since a composer cannot express the whole of his race, and since, again, he cannot help but express in his music features and attributes common to all humanity, the composer is at one and the same time both less and more than national, and so is not national. (This idea of an exact balancing of qualities, declared by the anti-nation-

alist to be necessary in the establishing of "nationalism" in music, is humorous.)¹

If such argument were of value, a stop would be put to our calling anything at all "national." It would put a stop to our use of terms of definition in general. We could no longer say that Bach for example was the great "Protestant" composer or that Dante was the great culminating mediaeval poet. It is no doubt true that the national composer does not represent every one of the many moods and emotions characteristic of his nation; but it is still more true that he represents all that matters. He represents the permanencies, the vitalities that live as long as his nation. He represents in selective synthesis all that distinguishes his nation from other nations. What he does not represent is the local, the transient, the superficial, the false, and the inartistic. I observe that the anti-nationalist does not specify the national qualities which are absent from such composers as Elgar the Englishman, Sibelius the Finn, and Dvořák the Bohemian. I have not seen it noted what essential mediaeval thought and feeling is omitted from the art of Dante or what essential German Protestant emotion is unrepresented in the music of Bach. I consider therefore that this particular argument of the anti-nationalist goes for nothing.

But the nationalist in his turn puts forward a proposition that to my mind is quite dangerously fallacious. It is the proposition that music must be made exclusively "national"—that the composer must take thought to represent national traits and characteristics and to represent these only. The nationalist bases his proposition on the assumption that music can be differentiated nation from nation to the degree that the nations themselves are differentiated.

It is here that he turns to folk-music; asserting that since folk-music is exclusively and recognizably national, it has the seminal power to generate art-music and the power further to nourish art-music to full growth.²

¹I showed that while no composer can be "national" (in the sense in which this word is always used by the "nationalists") because no composer can hope to express the thousand different mental worlds that make up the life and culture of any nation in any given generation, a score of different composers can still be British, let us say, in that each of them may express a phase of life that is distinctly British.—*Ernest Newman*.

²(a) We have a wonderful example of a nation deliberately and self-consciously putting aside foreign elements in music. I suppose no music to-day is more thoroughly national than that of Russia. This is because that brilliant group known as "The Five" set themselves to found a national school of music in the idiom of Russian folk-song.—*Martin Shaw*. (b) It seems to me that a nation's music must be based on its folk-song. Where folk-music has been the inspiration, music has retained its individuality in a very much larger degree than in countries where it has been neglected.—*C. H. Moody*. To assert that English music can arise only by a composer absorbing into his tissues the folk-song genre of expression is to assert a monstrous fallacy.—*Ernest Newman*.

The nationalist advocates two elements that in art are impossible—isolation and self-consciousness.¹ He strives to deflect nature. He tries to arrest at a certain point the great instinctive force which brought his nation into being and established the national character. He asks for thought to be restricted and for feeling to be subjectivised, for the general and universal to be cut off and made local. He forgets that extreme nationalism, like extreme individualism, is a hermit-like withdrawal that stunts the imaginative faculty and weakens creative power. He forgets that when a nation or an individual has refused external, neighbourly influence, that individual or nation has ceased to produce art, particularly symphonic musical art, for the reason that we live, not by nationality or by individuality alone, but by the large and general world of which we form part. Isolation is as death. Self-consciousness is as a manufactured peculiarity.

Prussia teaches us the lesson as to the effect on music of extreme nationalism. Not one of the great German composers is a Prussian, though several of the more important German critics, theorists, and musicologists are Prussians. And the Russian "Five" teach us that even the most deliberate attempt to be national in music is not to be effected by a policy of rejection. Balakirew, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cui, Moussorgsky, and Borodine studied Bach and Beethoven as thoroughly as they studied Russian folk-music. They kept themselves well-informed as to modern European music. They knew their Brahms and Wagner and their French contemporaries. Their larger symphonic music is great according to the degree of its agreement with the general musical spirit.

A deliberately restricted school of symphonic composition rarely lasts beyond a single generation. I can call to mind no symphonic work in the folk-song genre that has the vitality of an operatic pot-pourri or a Strauss waltz. Such a piece in England scarcely survives a dozen performances.

Thus it would seem that the nationalist misunderstands the value of the nationalist genius in musical composition. Yet it would seem also that the anti-nationalist underrates its value.² I consider that the idea of nationality is not generally understood in so far as it relates to music.

¹ I think a country's first duty is to be national, in music as in everything else. It will be time enough to talk of being international when English people have learned to be as interested in their own composers and executants as they are in those of other countries, and when our composers have learned the trick of translating into music scenes and emotions typically English.—*Hamilton Harty*.

² . . . "race" generally counts for much less in a nation's art and literature than the cross-fertilization that is always going on between the culture of one country and that of another.—*Ernest Newman*.

II

The fact should perhaps be definitely asserted that in the strictest sense of the term a piece of music can be nationally characteristic—that it can so clearly represent the nation as to be recognizably English, Hungarian, Slavonic, and the like.

If then a piece of music may be national, the composer of the piece must be a national composer. His piece of music may be a piece which serves for a short time only, and under exceptional circumstances (as the "Tipperary" song of Jack Judge) or a piece which serves generation after generation and which is perceived by foreigners to be almost idiomatically representative of the nation (as Arne's "Rule Britannia"). It may be an original composition which represents one department only of the nation (as Dibdin's "Tom Bowling") or one which is so thoroughly charged with nationalistic instinct as to represent the entire nation and to make it dangerous in the eyes of the oppressors of that nation (as the "Finlandia" of Sibelius). It may on the other hand be an adaptation (as the "Lilliburlero" of Purcell, a song that helped materially to bring about the Revolution of 1688). Whatever the piece, its origin, or its significance, it is national music if it represents, serves, and satisfies the nation, and the composer of it is a national composer—he is the man in whom is most powerfully operative the national spirit, if only for an accidental moment of luck or inspiration.

In the nature of things it might appear impossible that a foreigner should create national music of the above clear type. Yet such is the universality of music that this has been done. Chiefly however, a foreigner can only "assimilate" the native idiom, as the Frenchman Berlioz in the case of the Hungarian "Rakoczy" March, and as the Austrian Schubert and the German Brahms in the case of Hungarian music in general. Speaking generally, national music is the product of a native: Sibelius could not have written the "Land of Hope and Glory" song or Elgar the tone-poem "Finlandia."

III

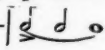
As help to adequate understanding of the idea of nationality in respect of music, I mention a few general facts and theories, reminding my readers at the outset, however, that according to the view of the anti-nationalist there is no such thing as a national "type."

A national language is not an accident of place and circumstance. It is a logical outcome and an inevitable result of consistently operative forces. These forces are the national instinct, which gives the nation being and forms its character.

The difference between the English language and the German represents a difference between the national character of the two nations. The English people have by nature a national faculty to perceive essentials. They have a national desire for the perfect observation of the concrete and for the expression of exact shades of meaning. Hence the richness of their language in the matter of synonymous terms. By national instinct the English are poetically-minded. Their language is a perfect means of expressing emotionalized thought. The German people have a natural faculty to contemplate abstractions. They have a genius for metaphysical speculation (I am speaking of course with no eye on the 20th century). They have no equivalent desire for the objective expression under poetic inspiration of concrete ideas. Hence the poverty of their language in respect of synonymous terms and its intractability in the hands of the poet. Our mental character as a nation caused us to select and retain foreign terms. Our language is richly composite. The different mental character of the Germans has caused their language to remain homogeneous. But the national character of the Germans—the instinct to penetrate to the innermost heart of things, gave them a sense of depth and ultimate relativity. Hence the power of the German language to unify conceptions that are apparently dissociated and to flash out in a single sentence an exact image of the whole. (This power is akin to the peculiar power of music, the great and final art of synthesis.)

National ways of speech arise from the national instinct. The Englishman cannot master the Arabian guttural. The German cannot produce our hard and soft *th*. The Spaniard uses the *tch* sound, but he has no use for the associated *sh*. In the matter of verbal rhythm and accent, the French run with level emphasis to the end of the sentence. Where they stress syllables, such syllables are the ultimates. The English act differently. They throw the stress as far back from the end as is convenient, though under pressure of the national desire for objective clarity they generally accent the root-syllable of the larger compounds. The English place the key-word of an idea at the very beginning of a sentence, as in

SWEET are the *uses* of adversity

which converts such phrases into superbly poised anapests, the verbal parallel of the great musical anapest—

Certain moods are common to all thoughtful races. These are qualified by the national instinct. The result is manifested in the national art. By general consent the mood of melancholy, for

example, is held to appear in characteristic form according to the nationality of the artist. In Russian art melancholy has a morbid cast; it is egotistically pessimistic, the cause being the national tendency toward extreme self-analysis. In several aspects of French art melancholy becomes cynically pessimistic, the cause lying in the national regard for realism, which invariably leads to negation and denial. In English art melancholy has always been characterized by dignity and calmness. It has never been morbid or cynical. It has never been violent or abusive. The cause of this is our great faculty to see things objectively, particularly that thing which is ourself.

In the matter of sentimentality, the German is said to be tearful, the Englishman tenderly ironical, other races alternately passionate to the degree of wildness and languorous to the point of inertia.

In the matters of religion and philosophy, Luther could not have been formed by the Italian instinct or Savonarola by the German; Wesley and Swedenborg could not have been respectively Swedish and English; Carlyle (though not typically British—Whitman calls him "Gothic") and Jacques Thierry, two students of the French Revolution, very adequately betoken by various aspects the nations to which they belong.

Exceptions are but "instances of a law more refined." Many a German has a perfect English accent. The Silvestre Bonnard of Anatole France is a true, humorous idealist. Coleridge was seriously introspective (yet as an Englishman he found salvation in Chaucer: "His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping!"). Tolstoy's ultimate optimism is of universal range.

The national character remains. The *average* man illustrates the type still. The anti-nationalist who declares the opposite is led constantly into contradictions. He himself cannot avoid compact synthetic generalizations;¹ and since these are the stock descriptive vocabulary of the nationalist, it seems to me that with his own hand he destroys what he has himself erected.

¹(a) What is a "Latin?" (b) We need not waste any time in trying to explain the modern development of French music in terms of a "French" or "Latin" predisposition. (c) The Englishman, who is supposed by foreigners to be a serious, coldly calculating, phlegmatic creature, is really a lazy humorist who loves to turn the serious problems of life aside with a jest. (d) The French . . . are in fact a nation of realists. (e) The mood of profound discouragement that breathes through so much of Debussy's music is purely local. (f) Modern French music is plainly the product of purely French conditions. (g) The peculiarities of Russian prosody are accountable for much of the individuality of Russian melody . . . these peculiarities are quite unreplicable in English. (h) Let us brush aside the misleading theory of race and racial characteristics.—Ernest Newman.

IV

Now all the various differences touched upon above manifest themselves in music and make music perceptibly "national" in character. The musician is aware of this by daily experience. The non-musician is able to perceive its possibility. As the mediaevalist Palestrina could not have written the nocturnes of the 19th century romanticist Chopin, so the Irishman who effected the little turn in the melody of the sixth line of the song "The Last Rose of Summer" could not have imagined the swift anapestic cadence of the Hungarian dance or its *alla zoppa* (amphibrachic) rhythm. No Frenchman could have imagined the brave joviality of "Down among the dead men." Beethoven could not have written the despairing close of the "Symphonie pathétique;" Tchaikowski could not have risen to the spiritually strong and joyous close of the "Sonata pathétique." The cause is the national instinct. The result is nationality in music.

We shall discover eventually that in certain respects music is more national than any other art. All art is revealing, and is therefore akin in spirit and manner to what it reveals; but music (the sum of the arts, approximation towards which results in perfection in other arts) is the most revealing of all. For music is the entirely spiritual art. It is the one art that is entirely creative. Other arts "produce change merely, not creation," as Browning says in "Charles Avison." This art is the direct representation of the soul; and it is by soul, not by mind, that a nation is distinguished and characterized. Its only companion in this respect is architecture.

Music appears late in the history of a nation and architecture early, partly for the reason that architecture is material in substance and music immaterial, but chiefly for the reason that where the spiritual emotion expressed in architecture is simple, perhaps elementary, that expressed in music is complex. Music and architecture are, however, the same at base, and the nation that has an architectural genius has also a potential musical genius. The former reveals national characteristics. The latter must do the same, but with less immediate obviousness.

The musical power in a nation remains latent until the national instinct is clarified, as if it were made locally active and concentrated upon the building up of exact and indubitable national characteristics. I will follow out this thought briefly in so far as it has reference to the particular subject in hand.

V

The national instinct has stabilized itself. It has unified the various native elements. It has synthetized their powers and

brought them to bear on a direct issue—the individualizing and the characterizing of the nation. It has so worked upon the people that when looked on from a sufficient distance the nation appears of one colour, as a star does, or a field, or an old building. It has taken hold of whatever foreign elements were imposed upon the native and subjected them to the same synthesizing process, reducing the whole to a certain homogeneity. It has eliminated dialect and created language. It has made the language an alert and nervous means of expression. In this indeed it has first proved itself. For as the original step towards nationality was a move from tribal independence and antagonism towards national unity and mutual interests, so the first great mental manifestation of the change was the creation of an instrument for conveying general ideas and for expressing thought upon abstract matters—faculties which are absent from patois and dialect.

Previously to this successful operation of the national instinct, the people had a ballad-poetry. This may have been splendidly vigorous, but it was concerned with simple feeling and single ideas, never with pure thought and dual ideas. It was essentially folk-art. The nation now has an imaginative literature. It produces drama, also poetry that translates easily and directly into other national languages—the supreme demonstration that the national instinct is perfected and the nation on the way to that universality of understanding which is the ultimate goal of all humanity.

Previously again to this operation of the national instinct, the people had a form of music. This was akin to its ballad-poetry. It was, of course, folk-music, later in time than its poetic equivalent, yet much the same in nature—concrete, non-dual, restricted in significance to the elementary mind of the "folk" and for that reason the more obviously "national." It was not akin to art-music. Its point of view was relative, not absolute; its interests were local, not universal.

The appearance of art-music in a nation is proof that the nation has achieved a fullness of being.¹ There was in the middle ages no pure and absolute art (in the sense modern usage gives to those terms) because the national instinct was inoperative. Except for England, Western Europe was intellectually and, in many ways emotionally, as one nation. There was one religion. Latin was the

¹If music comes and goes in the course of time, it is because something happens at certain moments to disturb this fullness of being. A new addition to the mentality or spirituality of the race (or even a fresh accession of material interests) throws the race back to what (at least so far as music is concerned) forms inchoate primitiveness, out of which the race returns to elemental perfection again by a repetition of the synthesising process.

common language for art, science, and politics. Feudalism was the prevailing social condition. Gothic architecture became the general order. Music was a branch of mathematics, the companion of arithmetic and geometry, very beautiful at times, but impersonal in mood and utterly without national character—again with the exception of England.

As soon as the mediaeval peoples began to shape themselves into nations, all this was changed. National thought clarified itself. National languages were established. Imaginative literatures arose. Architecture began to take on national individuality. Music entered into its heritage. The superb mediaeval mind ceased to be no more than potentially music. With the dawn of modern nationality, and simultaneously with the rise of that objective ideal we call humanism, but aided not at all by the revival of classic paganism, music for the first time in recorded history became a warm and truly living art. It became spiritually emotionalized, representative at once of the individual composer and of the nation to which he belonged. (In a lengthy musical essay the statement might be proved by a comparison between the South German Froberger and the Italian Frescobaldi, still more by a comparison between the Englishman Wilbye and the German Schütz.) The national instinct had been stronger in England than on the continent between 1200 and 1600. The English were in consequence the great musical nation of those centuries. The famous rota "Sumer is icomin in" (c. 1250) is some two hundred years ahead of European music in the matter of technique. The very beautiful two-part song "Foweles in the frith" (c. 1270) is as emotional in its way as Bach and Beethoven. The Elizabethan composers are very nearly as "universal" in the way of music as is Shakespeare. Their music is equally "national." Music in England has risen or decayed according to the activity of the inner national instinct. Its folk-music arose chiefly between 1550 and 1650, as did that of most other European countries.

VI

Music therefore depends on nationality and must express the same. Yet music of character is never deliberately or restrictedly national. It is never parochial. It is the modern art, identified with the chief feature of modernity—the feature, that is, of large, extra-national thought and feeling. It reflects the general move to a unity of spiritual interests. It is the common spiritual language, as a thousand years ago Latin was the common intellectual language. It can never confine itself to the national folk-music.

Nevertheless art-music is moulded by the forces that made the nation. It is coloured throughout (but coloured only) by the national instinct. It is marked by idiomatic peculiarities. It starts with, and it never discards even in such mighty universalists as Bach and Beethoven, what John Galsworthy has termed "the local atmosphere and flavor which is the background of true art."

The national character is in any country the root of the tree of art. The branches of the tree may touch the branches of other trees. It must breathe the common air. But the roots must remain in the national soil (though to make the circle complete, those roots may stretch underground until they interlock with other roots; and the ground they cling to is inseparably joined to all the other ground in the world).

VII

The foregoing implies that since national character evinces itself in music, folk-music, in which that character finds exact representation, must enter into the composition of art-music. This is indeed the truth of the matter, but it is a different truth from that declared by the "nationalists." Art-music comes from folk-music: it does not stay with it, or go back to it. It cannot be supplanted by it.¹ For folk-music is a thing of restricted significance, as peculiar to time as to place. It loses value in its own country as the people of that country change and develop. It afflicts music with a sort of brogue. It presents a leaf where a fruit is needed—which is the point of the quarrel between our nationalists and anti-nationalists. Yet folk-music is necessary for art-music and it has always been present, whether the composer be a Bach or a Dvořák. I will justify this apparent paradox in a moment, when I have made clear the difference (difference amounting to antagonism) that exists between these two types of music.

VIII

The difference between a folk-song or dance and a symphony is about as keen as the difference between the mediaeval telling of the story of King Arthur and Shakespeare's "Lear" or between an ordinary fairy-tale and "Midsummer Night's Dream."

In origin and intention folk-music represents the average simple man, the peasant, art-music the highly organized man, the man of modern complexity of mood who has returned by power of thought

¹Burn pianos, stop concerts, teach folk-song (original and imitative) in schools and universities.—*Martin Shaw*.

to simple feeling again.¹ The one represents things as these affect the individual as a detached entity, the other represents them as they affect all men, the individual in this case being the synthesis and summary of his nation and of the whole human race. The folk-musician sings of and for himself. He is the complete lyrist. The other sings of and for all men. If he is a Palestrina or a Bach, his art is epical, if a Beethoven, it is dramatic. The folk-musician produces subjective art, the symphonic-musician objective. Folk-music is as nature, art-music is as Sir Thomas Browne's "art (that) is the perfection of nature."

Subjective art is false to any world or time but its own. An English folk-song of 1600 may be as meaningless to an Englishman of 1900 as to a Chinaman. It may be as unsuited for symphonic treatment as an Irish song may be for the dancing of the Hungarian gypsies. It can be forced into a foreign world only by an inversion of Nick Bottom's offer to make the lion roar as gently as any sucking dove. Only when a piece of folk-music has some quality of universality can it have value for other times and places, as the traditional setting of "O mistress mine," which moves us to-day as deeply as it did four hundred years ago and which would probably move men of any nationality. But this remark is of general application. It applies to the dead world of mediaeval music. Arcadelt's "Ave Maria" still inspires us, and Arcadelt was before Palestrina. Therefore when such subjective art as folk-music retains significance, it is because it is not subjective at all, but objective, i. e., general and impersonal, common to all men and all times.

Until we can go back in soul to the conditions which produced folk-music, that music in most cases is only a curiosity, to be read as with a glossary. And if we so go back we arrive at conditions where art-music is neither possible nor desired, folk-music itself affording all the music wanted.

I do not stay to labour the point that imitated folk-music is valueless. Music is creation, not imitation.

Thus folk-music and art-music are antagonistic, belonging to different mental and spiritual worlds.

IX

It is only during the past hundred years that the folk-song problem has arisen and confused musical composition. The great masters worked wisely. They made of folk-music a means of

¹"In (metrical) literature, as in social life, the progress is from lawless freedom, through tyranny, to freedom that is lawful," Watts Dunton, in "Poetry and the Renaissance of Wonder."

approach to the highway of pure music. The smaller men of the 19th century followed it into what now seems to be little more than *cul-de-sacs*. We English are already tired of the greater part of Russian music, as (for different reasons) we are tired of contemporary German and French music. With the common sense that we apply to our own errors we have as a nation consistently rejected the similar mistaken efforts of our own composers.

We have in England made a twin-error. We have first misunderstood the nature of music, both folk and symphonic, and we have secondly misunderstood the practices of the great and successful German masters—we have imagined that our folk-music was like theirs and that it could be passed in the same way into art-music.

The German composers up to Bach (1750) were helped by the circumstance that their national songs and dances had an objective character. The German folk-song is akin to pure music. It is large in mood and solid in style, choral in design and intention, and orthodox in form (i. e., in rhythm, sentence shape, and general structure). It is "harmonic," not "melodic" in effect, epical, not lyrical. The church chorales and the love-songs are almost equally collective in mood. They are quite equally choral in plan. These remarks apply also to the folk-dances.

Therefore in the first period of German music, folk-songs passed readily into art-forms. In fact, they created those forms. The Bach organ chorales are no more than idealized representations of Lutheran hymn-tunes, and these pieces are the flower of German music up to 1750.

The German composers after Bach (1750-1825) had the same convenience. The change from Bach to Beethoven was very complete. It was from the deeply spiritual and intensely religious to the ardently human. The type of folk-music incorporated now into art-music was the peasant-dance, which—far more than the minuet, as is generally supposed—created the Beethoven scherzo, the head of this second phase of German music.

But another factor entered into German music with the passing of Bach—the factor of outside influence, the lesson of which is ignored by our present-day nationalists. German music by 1750 had exhausted the power of German folk-music of the type hitherto available. It required something fresh. This it found in the greater rhythmic movement of the folk-music of nations adjacent to Southern Germany. Haydn was a Croatian. Mozart lived in Austria. Beethoven went to Vienna almost as a youth. Schubert was Vienna born; he went further than the others and confirmed finally the symphonic borrowings from Hungarian folk-music.

After these three centuries of musical experience, wisdom was engrained in German composers. Even Schumann, introspective by nature, the prince of German romanticists, made no errors. He taught us what to do when in "Papillons" and "Carnival" he incorporated the old "Grossvater's Tanz." Brahms also made no errors, Richard Strauss the same, in whose "Till Eulenspiegel" is a touch of the folk-song spirit even more perfectly effected than the instance I have indicated from Schumann. Only the smaller German composers fell into error: Humperdinck's "Moorish Rhapsody" is as unsatisfying as Liszt's "Rhapsodie espagnole."

Now our English folk-music differs from German, Austrian, and Hungarian. It differs also from Bohemian, Swedish, Russian, and other types that have passed in one way and another into art-music. If it is to pass into our art-music, it must be by an entirely different process. It is utterly unsymphonic. It is monophonic, lyrical, lacking in passionate rhythm (I am of course speaking relatively), and has little of the genius that has made music in the past. If I am wrong in my opinion, I still ask where, after a full generation of "nationalistic" effort, are our equivalents of the fifty-one mazurkas of the Pole Chopin, the innumerable pieces of the Norwegian Grieg, the fifteen rhapsodies of the Hungarian Liszt, the twenty-one dances of the Hungarianized-German Brahms? The answer might indicate a few pieces by Percy Grainger and one or two other composers—ten or a dozen works still unproved by time against the many hundreds that have withstood from one to three generations! We have failed in this respect because of error. We have not failed because of lack of musical genius.

X

I would not be taken as intimating that British folk-music cannot pass similarly into art-music. My belief is that it can and must so pass. But this will be by a process of assimilation, not of imitation or of deliberate adoption, still less by following the practices of foreign composers who have a different order of material with which to deal.

I think indeed that in some respects the salvation of art-music depends upon our native folk-music. The time is ripe for a new departure. The German genius is weary. It has been weary for forty years. The genius of other races is immature. That of France is non-musical; the only great French music is the product of the Belgian-French César Franck. The British genius is very nearly as promising for music as it was for drama in the early days

of Shakespeare. We have in Elgar the one great classically-minded composer of the present generation. And in our native folk-music we have as rich a material as Bach had, or Beethoven. Only it is not as theirs. Yet like theirs it must be assimilated, and left to create as theirs was its own pure and absolute forms.

The English capacity to adapt and assimilate is, I believe, the greatest in the world. We took many things belonging to poetry from Italy in the sixteenth century; and immediately evolved the iambic pentameter of Shakespeare and Milton, with its constantly varying feet and measures of ionics, epitrites, and choriambes, its suspended emphases, movable cæsura, and extended enjambment. We took Hebrew philosophy, history, and poetry, and after adapting not only our own prose and poetry, but even our very language, we produced the one perfect translation of the Bible,—perfect, I mean, in the way of absolute art. The English have unified the many racial elements of the nation more compactly than have other nations; the process is being repeated in the United States. But in nothing have we succeeded where conditions were determined abroad, or where circumstances had essentially a four-square metrical exactness of character. Always have we needed the freest plasticity of both material and pattern; and so we could not, by nature, and quite apart from other considerations, have done much with music during the period from before Haydn to Wagner. The lesson for English composers is that which Shakespeare learned,—to know your subject, absorb its material, and re-express it in its own form. This, I perceive, is about to be done in England.

Our composers will then be national. They will represent the nation. They will also be extra-national, representing the whole world. Every one of us may find himself in Shakespeare, Bach, and Beethoven. Who finds himself in the self-conscious music of our strict nationalists? I sometimes think as things are in this respect that it is our nationalists who are anti-national and our anti-nationalists who are most truly and sensibly national.

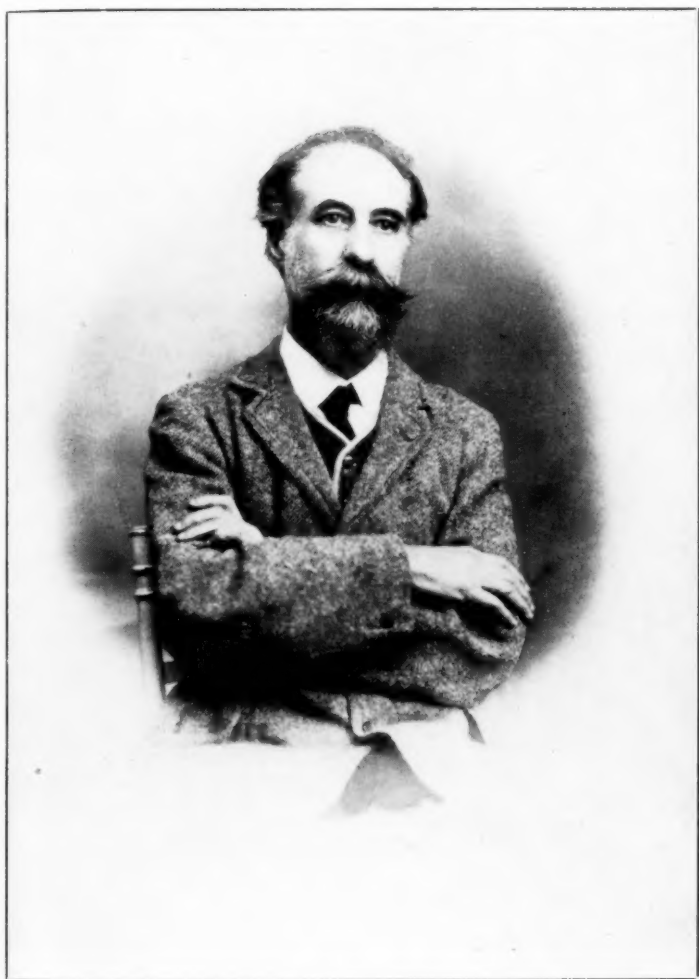
THE SONGS OF CHARLES KOECHLIN

By E. H. C. OLIPHANT

THE race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but in the arts the struggle for reputation is apt to end in favor of the loudest. Ability may be lost sight of, if it be not accompanied by a flair for advertisement. It is to those who can best make themselves heard in the din of contending rivals for popularity or for fame that the prize is likely to be awarded, the public attitude being not infrequently that of a member of an Australian cricketing team which visited England. In this man's eyes everything he was shown was more than matched by something in his own home city, and the comment he made after hearing a performance by a famous cornetist was, "We've a far better player in Hobart. If they were both playing you wouldn't HEAR this man." So I am afraid that some people seeing the title of this paper may say, "Charles Koechlin? He can't be much good: we haven't heard of him." It is, after all, only very few who recognize the truth of Swinburne's saying that fame is but an accidental attribute of genius. Were it otherwise, the subject of this article would be known throughout the world of music as one of the rarest and finest geniuses of the time.

I am dealing here only with his work in song, meaning by "song" a composition for a single voice with an accompaniment by a single instrument. On this definition, Koechlin's published songs consist of one song without opus number, five contained in a first volume of "Rondels," six in a second, eight in a third, sixteen in a first *recueil*, fourteen in a second, and twelve in a third—a total of sixty-two.

To obtain an adequate idea of the mentality of any song-composer, one of the first things to be done is to take note of his choice of poems to set. If it be true that a man may be judged by the company he keeps, it is no less true that a composer may be judged by the poets whose work he selects for illustration. From this point of view there is assuredly no fault to be found with the subject of this article. Every one of the baker's dozen of poets on whose work he has drawn for his published songs is a poet of note. More than half of them—Bouilhet, Fernand Gregh, Sully-Prudhomme, Hérédia, Robert d'Humières, Paul Bourget, and (in a French translation) Rudyard Kipling—supply but a single poem



Charles Koechlin

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each; and Andre Chénier, but two. The remainder may be described as his favorite poets—Edmond Haraucourt, with half a dozen songs; Verlaine, with seven; Leconte de Lisle, with nine; Albert Samain, with eleven; and Théodore de Banville, with twenty. The total of Verlaines and Samains has been increased in the unpublished fourth *recueil*, in which are also five songs by Pierre Louÿs, some Klingsors, a Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and a Claudel.

The list is significant. Of the two French poets who have been most favored by composers of class, Paul Verlaine is far from occupying with Koechlin the predominant position he holds with Debussy and Fauré and with others of less account; and Victor Hugo is ignored. Koechlin's list contains, in fact, the names of only two men whose poems have been largely set by other composers of rank; and neither of these two—Verlaine and Leconte—is represented by the songs by which he is most widely known. Verlaine's pre-eminent popularity with composers is shown by the frequency with which they have fastened on "Il pleure dans mon cœur," "Mandoline," "Le ciel est par-dessus le toit," "La lune blanche," "En sourdine," and "Chanson d'automne"; but the only one of these set by Koechlin is the first-named. Judging by what he has done, he has so little cause to dread comparisons that it does not seem likely that timidity affords the reason for his avoidance of songs frequently set by others. What is more probable is that, as a result of his very individual outlook, what appeals to Debussy, Duparc, Fauré, Ravel, Chausson, Bordes, Hahn, "Poldowski," and others does not appeal to him. That is, from one point of view, matter for regret; for there are few better tests of any composer than comparison with other composers in the treatment of the same poems.

When we look over the list of Koechlin's poets, we find the Pagan element strong. Samain, Leconte, Hérédia, Chénier, Banville, Haraucourt are all worshippers of the antique, all, in varying degrees and in varying ways, colorists, and all Greek in the flawlessness of their form. The poems chosen for musical illustration show Koechlin's fondness for vastness, for abysses of time and space, the dreadful, the unknowable; we see, too, a love of the old Pagan past when beauty was worshipped for its own sake, and a melancholy realization of the fact that it has gone, never to return. We see him now tragic, now playful, now fiercely barbaric; now treading a minuet with the grace of a courtier of the Grand Monarque; now glorying in the humid heat of a tropical forest; now looking across the sea at some phantom ship that never was and never will be; but his most characteristic moods are those in which he is obsessed by a sense of immensity and those in which he lives again a fancied life

in a dimly-remembered past. As to how his genius is suited by the several poets he has interpreted, that is a matter for subsequent consideration.

The first quality to be looked for in a song-composer is respect for the words he is seeking to clothe in sound. He must never sacrifice either the form or the lilt of the verse to his musical necessities: he must never set expediency above interpretative truth. He must avoid that fault so common in Rubinstein (whom one American critic most amazingly classes among the ten leading song-composers), the fault of supposing that words and phrases may be repeated *ad lib.* to suit the exigencies of his melodic line; and he must also avoid that fault of almost every English-speaking composer, the fault of treating the verse-rhythm as if it were something with which the musical rhythm need have no connection. From the first of these two faults Koechlin is almost entirely free, save in his treatment of the "Rondels" of Théodore de Banville. The rondel is an artificial form of verse, with repetitions provided for in certain specified places; but that fact does not warrant the composer in introducing repeats of his own—indeed, absolutely forbids his doing so. In the matter of accentuation I know no composer more careful than Koechlin. He fits his music to the words with a deftness of handling that is amazing. His sense of artistic fitness is almost unerring, and his rhythmic suppleness is extraordinary. In him the continuous changes of time-rhythm, so common in modern composers, are particularly marked; and some of his finest effects are got in this way.

It may be truly said of him that each of his songs has its own individuality, its own manner; yet the individuality of the man is over all, and one feels that, however the style may change, it is always his. In every song he strikes the right note almost infallibly; and not only is he correct in his general conception: he also illumines wonderfully for us words and phrases. He lays his foundation with care, and the most minute detail of his architecture receives the same thorough attention, with the result that every song is a finished work of art. His thoroughness is displayed in the re-writing to which most of his songs have been subjected; and his attention to detail, by the character of the instructions accompanying each song. Everything is thought out with the utmost care, and nothing is left to chance. The easy "a piacere" of the casual composer is not for him. He is too sincere, too genuinely artistic for such slipshod methods. He is a self-respecting artist, proud of his work, and not a professional purveyor of pot-boiling popularities. If the composer of that stamp is at the extreme of indifference, Koechlin is at the

other extreme of meticulous care in regard to the interpretation of his work, so that his instructions are very frequent, very minute, very exact. I know nothing of his methods of work beyond what I can learn from the evidence from his song-volumes, but I do not think I am wrong in judging him to be severely self-critical.

Unless I woefully overestimate him, he is a song-composer of an unequalled sense of largeness and greatness of design. That is where he differs from other great French composers and approaches Wagner. He is indeed musically a blend of French and German, as is not unfitting in one whose parents were Alsatians, though he himself was born in Paris and received there the whole of his musical education. He is usually ranked with the impressionists; but his impressionism is very different from that of Fauré, Debussy, Ravel. He is sometimes heavier-handed than they are wont to be (though nothing can exceed the lightness of his touch in songs where he deems lightness called for); but there is not one of his fellow-composers that is capable of his tremendous landscapes. They work on a small scale; he, on a large one.

Koechlin is an experimentalist, like every other great Frenchman: he is not content to accept and follow conventions; he prefers to make his own. In his later work the element of unexpectedness is continually obtruding itself: in fact, one feels at times as if he is seeking to give us the unexpected. He offers material of a wonderful richness of texture, with curious and original harmonies, strange progressions, and an ignoring of modulations in favor of dissonances and chords transported directly to unrelated planes, the key having at times a merely nominal existence. Often the melody is intimately fused with the accompaniment, melody and harmony being conceived as one. The shading is not always as delicate as it might be; but the harmonies are of extraordinary variety, and for that reason do not cloy, as Debussy's are apt to do. His accompaniments are elaborate in the extreme; and his work is of enormous difficulty—a fact which has doubtless stood in the way of its acceptance. Singers are apt to look askance at songs that call for such a combination of qualities as do many of these; and accompanists may be pardoned for declining accompaniments that demand the possession of three hands—in places, indeed, even four hands.

Koechlin has, of course, his mannerisms—*e. g.*, a fondness for triplets (and, in the accompaniment, for broken triplets) and for the tremolo, to which he is even readier to resort than Bantock is to resort to arpeggios. But his conventions, such as they are, are his own. His daring is without limit: he writes to please himself; and if the expression of his ideas be impossible of accomplishment without

an ignoring of traditional laws, he refuses to consider himself bound and promptly cuts himself free.

■ In the songs of Koechlin there is much more than skilful writing, much more than an inexhaustible wealth of harmony: there is an abundance of ideas. The composer invariably knows what he wants to say, and it is rarely that he does not succeed in saying it. His vastness of design sometimes goes beyond what seem to be the limits of a song; but his conception is ordinarily well sustained throughout, even when, in the excess of his pictorial quality, he becomes most kaleidoscopic. His work is interesting for both subject and treatment, for both its musical beauty and its intellectual stimulus. He may at first acquaintance strike one as affected; but the idea does not survive a study of his work. What he feels he writes; what he writes he feels.

I have spoken of him as not altogether French in the largeness of his vision. There is also about much of his work a certain gauntness that marks him as one apart from the other great French composers; but in most of his other qualities he marches abreast of them, especially in his freedom from scholastic restrictions, his hatred of the commonplace, his precision, his power of enwrapping his subject in an atmosphere that springs from and is natural to it. As with most of the modern French school, with him the idea is predominant; and also, as with them, the main development of the idea is to be found in the accompaniment, the pianist's position being thus in many of the songs lifted from second place to first. Some of these songs are in reality duets between a singer and a pianist; in others the pianist is the principal performer, and the singer is but an accompanist. This is in accord with one of the main tendencies of modern song; and it is to be feared that, though the song has gained much thereby, it has also lost something. To realise the gain, one needs to look back to the thin and commonplace melody of the French song of the seventies, to its timid and colorless harmony, and to its regular and unenterprising rhythm.

Both his best and his most advanced work—and the two are not necessarily the same—are contained in his *recueils*. Between the Koechlin of the first volume and the Koechlin of the third there is a world of difference, and the second volume shows the transition, though it is only its last number that is in the manner of the third volume. The first two series of "Rondels" are obviously earlier than any of the *recueils*. The third is of much the same period as the first *recueil*—rather later, on the whole. The dates are as follows:

Rondels, ser. 1, 1890-1894; 2, 1891-1895; 3, 1896-1899.

Recueils, v. 1, 1890-1902; 2, 1894-1904; 3, 1899-1909.

The one song not included in any of these volumes, a setting of Bouilhet's "Moisson prochaine," I judge to be one of the very best among the composer's earlier works, though in spirit it shows an approach to his later manner.


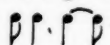
It is wonderful to note that the first song of the first recueil Haraucourt's "Clair de lune," is of the same date as the earliest of the "Rondels," for it is one of the composer's altogether perfect things. In it Koechlin emerges fully armed, a Pallas Athene springing from the head of Zeus. It is a fit preface to a marvellously fine volume. Had I space, I could dwell rapturously on almost every song in the book; but the loveliest of all, to my thinking, is Leconte's "Le colibri," a glorious piece of tone-painting, gorgeous in color, and expressing to perfection the idea inspiring it, a gem beside which Chausson's setting of the same lyric, beautiful as it is, seems pale and insignificant. If, in my opinion, it comes first, I still regard it as only *primus inter pares*, for quite unsurpassable are the gentle melancholy and dainty grace of "Le Menuet" (Grehg), the delicate playfulness of "Dame du ciel" (Haraucourt), and the truth and beauty of the three numbers composing op. 15, three wonderful pictures based on verses from Leconte's "Poèmes antiques."

The second *recueil* contains three songs on the same lofty level—a tremendous setting of Leconte's "Les rêves morts," a Fauré-like rendering of the "Sur la grève" of Humières, with a marvellous cinematograph picture of the movement of the sea, and, perhaps the finest thing in the volume, a setting of Verlaine's "Mon rêve familier." In this the atmosphere is wonderfully caught, the idea being realised and depicted perfectly. The right air of mystery is maintained, and, though the tone is subdued throughout, due emphasis is never lacking. The time-changes are delicate and effective; and the greatness and daring of the finale could hardly come from anyone but Koechlin. One would have thought that this fine poem would have made an appeal to many composers; but I can recall no setting of it save this. It is strange to note, by way of contrast, that in some of the other Verlaine songs Koechlin gets nearer to ordinary "prettiness" than he does elsewhere, though there is none of them in which the tendency is not set off by solid excellences.

In the third volume we come upon a new Koechlin, though a Koechlin foreshadowed in "Automne," the last and the latest in date of the songs of the second volume. If greatness in song be defined, as I hold it should be, as "a beautiful rendering of a complete realisation of a worthy idea," every one of the songs in the first two volumes answers the requirements; in the third we get some—"Le

cortège d'Amphitrite," "La maison du matin," "L'île ancienne"—that do not. They are, all three, of no little excellence, are all settings of lovely poems, in all the spirit of the poet has been thoroughly entered into, and all are interesting; yet there is something lacking. It is, in a word, beauty. The voice part is overshadowed, fragmentary, often little more than a recitative, so subordinated to the accompaniment that it ceases to have any separate interest—even any interest at all. These songs are, in fact, not vocal: indeed, from the voice part all trace of melody has been carefully removed. It is not to be supposed that there is no sort of beauty in these numbers; but it is not a consistent and sustained beauty. There is a vagueness, an indefiniteness, an anæmic grayness that is very far removed from the clearness, the straightforwardness, and the overwhelming vitality of the earlier songs. Much of the composer's individuality is gone, the harmonies have lost their inevitability, the melody is no longer full of life and meaning, and the old variety—in itself a marvel—is lacking. Some of these numbers are wonderful experiments; but the best of those in the earlier volumes are much more than wonderful experiments: they are wonderful songs.

Writing thus, I feel that I shall have in disagreement with me not merely pervervid young technicians, but also the composer himself. That is, it is true, only an inference; but it is grounded on the fact that the sincerity that marks these later songs is no less obvious than the sincerity that distinguished the earlier ones, so that the new attitude of the composer is no mere pose. It seems to follow that he entertains the conviction that by his present means he is getting nearer to truth and beauty than he did before. Personally, however, I do feel that in this volume he has come under the influence of Debussy, and that the influence has not been altogether for good, and has led him at times to seem afraid to be himself. The old certainty, breadth, sonority, and beauty have given place to an insubstantiality which is due to his thinking of nothing but atmosphere; and it is a singular, and, to me, unaccountable fact, that while in every other respect he shows all his old care and exactitude, he exhibits in two of the finest Samains in the volume, "Le sommeil de Canope" and "Améthyste," especially in the former, an unwonted prosodic carelessness. After coming to regard him as infallible in such matters, I resent having "tendresse" represented

by , and "calices" by .

It must be understood that these strictures are only relative. If less satisfactory than either of its two predecessors, the third

receuil is a fine volume nevertheless. The spirit pervading it is a somewhat elusive spirit; but, once it has been caught, the inherent loveliness of the finer songs becomes perceptible. They may be described in colloquial phrase as "growing on one." Moreover even in the case of the less pleasing songs, I regard the method and the manner of them as illustrating a phase in Koechlin's development. I feel sure that he has not sacrificed his splendid individuality on the altar of a modernity which appeals only to the intellect, even though that appeal is made through a beauty of its own—a beauty that is subtle and complex and evasive. There are plentiful indications that the soul of the composer has remained the same, though the manifestations of it have changed. The composer of the *Samains* in this volume is the composer of the *Chéniers* in the first, in which there is as true an atmosphere as in the best of them, together with more loveliness. The difference is that the loveliness is, in the later songs, seeking to find a new form, and has not always succeeded.

It is not only the three songs I have singled out for mention that are more or less unvocal; it is not only in them that Koechlin's gift of lovely melody shows itself merely in brief, unsustained snatches. Some of the others are far more fragmentary than they, far more vague, more indefinite, more elusive. If I rank them higher, it is not that they have more unity, but that they have more beauty; not that the voice-part has more independent interest, but that the conception of the poem has more inherent loveliness. Where the voice is so distinctly in the background as it is in some of these songs, there needs to be superlative beauty in the accompaniment for full atonement to be made. I am not going to endeavor to defend my attitude (which may indeed be quite indefensible) when I say that I would rather have one passage of supreme loveliness in a song than a more commonplace beauty sustained throughout.

There are doubtless young musicians who will, by reason of certain technical qualities that characterise it, proclaim the latest of the songs contained in this volume, "*Soir païen*," to be the very crown of Koechlin's work. That will be to set the means above the end, the effort above the achievement. Technique is merely the road by which the artist travels to attain the beauty that is his aim, or, to change the metaphor, the tool with which he strives to carve it out of the imprisoning rock. Technique is to be judged not for its own sake, but for the effect it creates. In this case the composer has achieved a work of beauty which will appeal only to those who are able—whether easily or laboriously—to enter into the spirit that animated him; but, finely conceived as it is, I cannot think that in it the composer has excelled himself.

The finest song in the volume is the earliest in date, being ascribed to the years 1899-1901. These are probably the dates for the original work, the song's position at the very end of the book indicating perhaps that the pianoforte version was much later than the original orchestral score. It is a very Wagnerian work of quite barbaric grandeur, with a reminiscence of "Die Walküre" that can hardly be unintentional. But for one drawback, it would rank with Koechlin's greatest work in song. The drawback is that it is not really a song at all, but rather a cantata. An anthem is almost as far from being a song as a mosaic is from being a cameo; and this "Chant de Kala Nag," if not a mosaic, certainly treats the poem as one. Its repeats may be quite in place in a choral work, but they are altogether opposed to the spirit of the Song. Having regard to its original form, the work must be pronounced wonderful; it is only when it is regarded as a solo song that any fault is to be found with it.

The composer's op. 1, constituting his first series of "Rondels"—the "Rondels of Théodore de Banville"—must, taken as a whole, be pronounced immature; but the immaturity is that of a man of genius. Here we see what is not very perceptible in even the earliest of the three *recueils*, the influence of Koechlin's first master at the Paris Conservatoire de Musique, Massenet. The influence of his later instructor, Fauré, is more evident in the later work; here it is the influence of the older, the more melodious, the less sincere, and the less vital composer that makes itself felt. In the third series, op. 14, we get nearer to the true Koechlin, the Koechlin of the songs already dealt with. There is, however, a much finer and richer development in the first *recueil* than in the third series of "Rondels."

Among the collected songs there were very few that seemed to me to leave something to be desired, and even those few were songs of much merit; among the "Rondels" it is the majority that are in this case—all save half-a-dozen numbers in the entire series. If I thus group them with the less satisfactory of the later songs, I must not be misunderstood as crediting them with the same qualities and the same defects. If they are on the whole as far from greatness and as far from failure, it yet must be said that as a rule they fail where the others succeed, succeed where the others fail. If some of the composer's latest songs fall below the high level he has set, it is, in the main, because he has made the voice-part merely an accessory and has abandoned melody, and for these things not even the high sincerity informing all of the songs and the marvellous technique displayed can altogether atone; whereas these earlier songs

are instinct with melody and daintiness. What most of them lack is significance and that reverence for the form of the poem that is so marked in the composer's later work.

Of the four songs of outstanding merit in the first and third series, "La guerre" is tremendous and must be very effective with orchestra. Its great discords are most suitable to the subject; and the only flaw in the song is that it ruins the rondel form of de Banville's verse. But for that, it would be one of Koechlin's very greatest. The other three have nothing to mar their glorious perfection; but the grandeur of "Les étoiles" may well be held to give that song preëminence over the lyrical rapture of "Le jour" and the playful grace of "Le thé," a number which suffices of itself to lift the first series into distinction. In this delightful song the pronunciation of the name "Ellen" may seem a fault to one of English race; but it is to be remembered that the poet was French, and doubtless pronounced it French-fashion, as Koechlin does. An English singer might do well to substitute "Elaine." Very dainty also are "L'air" and "Le Matin" in volume two.

Casting a retrospective glance over the songs dealt with, in order to see how Koechlin is suited by the various poets he has set, it is to be noted that the many songs that warrant one in giving him a very high place among the song-composers of the day are not confined to the works of one or two poets, but include his single settings of Hérédia, Sully-Prudhomme, Bouilhet, and Gregh, and his two of Chénier. With Kipling, too, he has scored a great success with "Chant de Kala Nag." Of the poets he has set more frequently, I have no hesitation in saying that he has been most successful with Leconte, since all his nine settings of poems by that writer are masterpieces. The Banville settings are mostly early, but number half-a-dozen fine things; while the work of Edmond Haraucourt he has used to excellent purpose in "Le nénuphar" and in the four songs of op. 7. In his later years his best results have been obtained in Verlaine's "Mon rêve familier" and "Il pleure dans mon cœur." All of the songs indicated are masterly; and, if Koechlin is most at home with Leconte, it is because his genius is better suited by a vision of the stillness of death and a sense of tragic mystery brooding upon the waters than by idyllic fancies and a regretful reconstruction of faded glories, and that his soul craves the vast spaces and the glowing, if somewhat stark, color of Leconte rather than the enclosed gardens and the subdued tones of Verlaine and Samain. And I say again, as I have said before, that in this estimate of the true bent of his genius the composer will, I feel sure, most heartily disagree with me.

There is an aspect of his art to which I must not fail to refer: that is, the extraordinarily high level at which his work is maintained. Most composers of even the highest class have their absolute failures; a few of them occasionally sink still lower—to the deepest deep—when they descend to the banal; and even those who do neither are apt to produce work that is uninteresting. Koechlin, it may safely be said, is never uninteresting; and if there is a degree of demerit less marked than that—if, that is to say, there are songs that are not uninteresting, but that leave one cold—Koechlin may be credited with invariable superiority to it, too, for he never leaves one cold—at least, he has no such effect on me; and one can, of course, speak only of one's own experience.

And, besides the high level he maintains, there is in his work an extraordinary range. Lyrical rapture, dainty grace, playful humor, tragic gloom, tender pathos, barbaric grandeur, haunting dread, and poignant grief all have their place in these wonderful volumes of song. I know no other composer with both so much individuality and such variety.

The task of comparing his work with that of other great French composers is one I do not particularly care to undertake; but I suppose it must be done. Debussy is subtler, but more fragile. Koechlin describes where Debussy suggests; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that Koechlin sometimes describes, whereas Debussy is invariably content with suggestion. Koechlin has neither Debussy's exquisite sensibility, nor his tendency to degenerate into preciosity. The diabolical impishness of "Fantoques" is not in Koechlin; but neither is it in anyone else. Debussy's delicacy of touch may seem often to be beyond Koechlin, yet one or two of the latter's songs display a dainty grace that is well nigh unsurpassable. Debussy was certainly the more original; but the technical qualities displayed by both are remarkable, and each has bestowed upon his work the most scrupulous care. In each there is a combination of the material with the imaginative, the ethereal with the real; but in Koechlin it is the material that predominates; in Debussy, the ethereal. The latter has far less variety than Koechlin, but far more subtlety. He is a worker in nuances, while the other is a great and a bold colorist who in his later songs is deliberately avoiding the glowing color he knows so well how to use. Like the other great French song-composers, Duparc, Fauré, Ravel, both of them know how to get at the very heart of the poems they set.

In Fauré there is a more delicate perfume, a serenity that Koechlin seldom attains. His mastery of rhythm is even greater, and his wealth of harmonic interest is not inferior; but, for all his

genius, the gigantic conceptions of the younger man are beyond him. Duparc's songs are few in number, but of the highest artistry. They are not of the complexity of the songs of the other men dealt with here; but they are of a rare beauty of texture. No touch can be surer than his, no melodic line more perfect; but he is the least original of the five. Finally there is Ravel, most original of all (or at least sharing the honor with Debussy), supple, ironically observant, drily, yet tenderly, humorous, fantastic, yet realistic, bizarre, yet with the utmost clarity of vision, incisive, more robust than Debussy, more various than any of them, save only Koechlin. In power of suggestion not even Debussy can surpass him. In his best songs he is not descriptive, as he is so often stated to be, but, instead of expressing his ideas, gives hints to stimulate the imagination. By the side of such songs most of Koechlin's must of necessity seem somewhat labored; but it is to be said that Ravel's methods would be unsuited to the bulk of the poems that Koechlin has set. Into songs of the sombre, the weird, the tragic, Ravel has not (so far as I am aware) ventured.

That the publication of Koechlin's fourth *recueil* will not be long delayed must be the hope of everyone who knows the three existing collections and has an appreciation of and affection for what is best in modern song.

MUSIC, MONARCHS, AND "THE SAVAGE BREAST"

By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast . . ."—*Shakespeare*.

SHAKESPEARE'S dictum is so well-known, so widely quoted, that it is generally accepted as a statement of fact rather than a poetical hypothesis. Yet, if we look into a varied assortment of "savage breasts" of all races and ages, selecting for the purpose those of the rulers of men, hedged by a divinity which by now seems somewhat discredited, we find that, contrary to the assertion of the Bard of Avon, music has no paregoric virtues where they are concerned. On the contrary, the majority of royal monsters, degenerates, tyrants, madmen and weaklings, seem to have cherished music without their "savage breasts" ever reacting to the gentling effect of its charm.

THE STRONG KINGS

The strong kings, the virile rulers, the conquerors and statesmen among crowned heads, seem to owe their preeminence in a measure to their immunity from the vitiating influence of dulcet tone. For Henry IV of France, the strong man of the Bourbons, the tender busses of Gabrielle d'Estrées, no doubt, made sweeter-sounding music than any of Marot's Huguenot psalms. And Henry, as kings go, is accounted a great king to this day. It was left for the unutterably vicious and depraved Henry III, last of the Valois, to hand down to posterity an "Air du Roi Henri III," which, even if apocryphal, testifies to his musical leanings. For one Frederick the Great of Prussia, tootling away on his flute, entreating Johann Sebastian Bach with reverence, and writing sonatas for his chosen instrument, we have conquerors like Alexander, whom no dithyrambic pæan at the Olympian Games ever pleased half so well as the measured tramp of the Macedonian phalanx; Julius Cæsar, that resourceful bald-head who, though he directed his martial Gallic ballets with splendid bravura, used only the *tubas* and *bucinas* in his legionary orchestra, and probably looked on them as no more than a necessary evil; and Napoleon regarding music as a means to political ends, and at heart fancying only such

percussives as drum and cannon when they were pounding out the rhythms of victory. It is sad for the music-lover to reflect that wherever we may look in the history of the ancients, the virtuous, the noble, the manly among the leaders are those who are free from any musical taint. The good and great kings are usually those who are quite devoid of musical taste or inclination. It is not easy to find a musical monarch to whom the word "respectable" may be fittingly applied. On the other hand, how numerous are the instances of "savage breasts" of music-loving wearers of the diadem unmollified by the music they cherished.

Of course, one may cite the case of David. Here we have a great, wise and, generally speaking, just monarch, who was passionately addicted to the best music known to his age, and who wrote his own psalms. Yet there is a rift in the lute of his perfection. According to Rabbinic tradition, King David used to hang his *kinnor* or lyre at the head of his bed at night "when it sounded in the midnight breeze." This Aeolian harp, stirring amorously to the voluptuous Oriental zephyrs, must have induced a train of thought entirely opposite to that developed by those devout psalm-settings of which the King of Israel was so fond, and may have been responsible, in a degree, for the ingenious tactical disposition which resulted in General Uriah's going West. The charms which soothed the "savage breast" of the father of Solomon were not always those of music. And if so great a monarch as David could so swiftly fall from grace when subjected to the direct influence of profane melody, though steeped in the antidote of devotional psalms, what of those whose music was altogether worldly?

DIONYSIUS THE TYRANT

There were the tyrants of Syracuse, Dionysius the Elder, and Dionysius the Younger, his son. The elder Dionysius had poetic aspirations, though his poems were hissed by the auditors at the Olympian Games; while the younger Dionysius was a musician. And what sort of a monarch was this exponent of vocal culture? Plutarch tells us: "It is reported of him that having begun a drunken debauch, he continued it ninety days without intermission, in all which time no person on business was allowed to appear, nor was any serious conversation heard at court; but drinking, *singing*, dancing and buffonery reigned there without control." Dionysius's tyranny and misgovernment led to his being driven from his magnificent Syracusan palace, with its ample wine-cellars and splendid banquet-halls, and having to take refuge in Corinth.

Here "the very same man, that was not long before supreme monarch of Sicily," spent his time turning a more or less honest penny—Plutarch does not disclose to us whether his vocal methods were reliable—"pretending to instruct the singing women of the theatre, and seriously disputing with them about the measure and harmony of pieces of music that were performed there." We suspect that Dionysius's system of voice placing was not all that it might have been. On the other hand, vocal teachers in those times did not receive the splendid financial rewards a higher civilization accords them to-day. But Dionysius is a striking example of the weak and tyrannous ruler who at the same time was a music-lover.

THE PTOLEMIES

There were only two Dionysii; with the second the dynasty ends. But if we take that of the Ptolemies, the post-Alexandrian rulers of Egypt, we find that the worth-while Ptolemies were those who had no music in their hearts. Old Ptolemy I (Soter), Alexander's general, who founded this dynasty of Macedonian kings, was a shrewd, able and eminently cautious monarch with a taste for literature, not music. His son, Ptolemy II, Philadelphus, was also able, and took an ardent interest in Hellenic culture. He was a kind of Macedonian Louis XIV, and his court was liberally garnished with de la Vallières, de Fontanges, and de Montespons, but—he does not seem to have had any Lullis or Rameaus! Ptolemy III (Euergetes I), was a successful conqueror, another able king with no musical annals. But when we come to Ptolemy IV (Philopator), the musical son of the preceding, we find that he is a wretched debauchee, indulging in all the vices, and leaving the serious affairs of government to unworthy favorites. He paid great attention to the orgiastic forms of religion, or to use Plutarch's words: ". . . the king was so besotted with his women and his wine, that the employment of his most busy and serious hours consisted at the utmost in celebrating religious feasts in his palace, carrying a timbrel and taking part in the show." It was this wretched timbrel-player who did away with that noble Spartan, King Cleomenes, who had taken refuge in Egypt. Nicoragas, the Messenian, an old acquaintance of Cleomenes, met him in Alexandria, and told him that he had brought along some excellent war-horses for the king in his ship. Cleomenes smiled and answered: 'I wish you had rather brought some music-girls, for these now are the king's chief occupation.' Nicoragas repeated Cleomenes's jibe, and Ptolemy promptly had him murdered. For,

in the old days when a musical monarch's artistic temperament got the better of him, things really and actually happened to his critics.

Ptolemy V (Epiphanes) was an athlete and sportsman, and an energetic ruler, but no musician. Ptolemy VI (Philometor) was one of the best of the Ptolemies, brave, kindly, reasonable. Was it because music played no part in his life? His younger brother, and joint-king of Egypt with him, Ptolemy VII, known as *Physkon* or "The Bloated," was an evil fat man, one without natural affection, "delighting in deeds of blood, his body as loathsome in its blown corpulence as his soul," and very, very musical. He both sang and played the flute.

The dynasty of the Ptolemies is already well along in its decline, the successive reigns have become a mere kaleidoscopic chronicle of strife, intrigue and assassination. Ptolemy XI, nicknamed *Auletes*, or "The Flute-player," spent most of his reign in Rome, trying to buy his way back into power in Egypt, whence he had been driven by popular hatred—he was, perhaps, a poor musician!—and in the person of his daughter Cleopatra, "the serpent of the Nile," and the prototype of the modern "vamp," we have a fine musical *connoisseuse*, possessed of great taste and skill, in whom the family came to an end. Cleopatra was fond of having music at her meals—Syrian kithara players, Syracusan harpistes, Athenian girls plucking the five-stringed lyre, rendered instrumental selections or accompanied the singers who sang at her banquets, where Massican and Grecian wines and palm-brandy flowed unchecked by Nilotic blue laws. Music seems always to have remained one of Cleopatra's continuing interests, and her propensity to let herself go, to react subconsciously to the insidious suggestion of lasciv sound, may have been responsible for many of her crimes and misfortunes. Even in her day there were in existence Egyptian popular songs, whose performance she encouraged. And we have only to examine the texts and music of some of our own popular songs to-day, to get an inkling of the lengths to which their like may have led an emotional and temperamental royal musician like Egypt's queen to go. Marc Anthony might have triumphed over Octavius Caesar, had it not been for his addiction to music. For, rude soldier though he was, Marc Anthony also was musically inclined. In Rome, while Caesar was away hunting down the unfortunate Pompey, he "had his singing girls quartered upon the houses of serious fathers and mothers of families." And when he passed over into Asia, "a set of harpers and pipers . . . and a whole Bacchic rout of the like Asiatic exhibitors . . . came in and possessed the court. When he made his entry into Ephesus . . . throughout the town nothing was to be

seen but spears wreathed with ivy, harps, flutes and psalteries; while Anthony in their songs was Bacchus, the Giver of Joy, and the Gentle." Of course, when Cleopatra came sailing up the river Cydnus to meet him, in her barge with purple sails and oars of silver, the latter "beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps." In the final analysis they paid the piper, for both these musical rulers, the diademed queen and the uncrowned proconsul, were involved in the same tragic fate.

NERO, THE FIRST IMPERIAL TENOR

Among the earlier Roman emperors the greatest of monsters is the musical Nero. He began as a boy by murdering his brother Britannicus for a song's sake. It was during the festivities of the Saturnalia, in the palace, and the young Prince Nero had been chosen king in a game of king's forfeits, by the cast of the dice. After various ones among the company had paid their forfeits in various ways, Nero called on Britannicus to sing them a song. The younger lad sang well and bravely, and he sang a song that described his own ill fortunes and spoiled life. The pathos of the song and the singer moved his patrician listeners, and Nero made note of the fact. As a result Britannicus was poisoned not long after. Nero might have overlooked the political dangers involved in his brother's becoming the head of a faction; but he would not and could not forgive him for singing better than he himself did. As the emperor grew older in sin, his love for music increased, though the average Roman had the greatest contempt for the musical performances which Nero so much enjoyed. The American multi-millionaire builds him an expensive pipe-organ in his home: Nero laid out a species of "Golden Glades" in his private gardens, A. D. 59, and to top off the revels he celebrated there, himself "appeared on the rustic stage of the garden theatre, surrounded by his musicians and, tuning his guitar carefully, sang to the noble company, to their great delight." This "great delight" must, however, be taken with a pinch of salt. It was dangerous for anyone in the audience to be anything less than delighted when Nero appeared as a solo artist. His poetry, music and acting have been, it is true, accorded the dubious merit of being "at least respectable" by one historian; but "respectable" in the critical terminology of art is, unfortunately, on a level with the evasive "pleasing," and neither means very much. One of the main accusations urged by the enemies of Seneca, when they endeavored to prejudice Nero against his former tutor, was that "he sneered at his singing." When Poppaea conspired against

Nero's wife Octavia, to bring about her divorce from the emperor, she falsely charged her with an intrigue, not with some patrician of high descent, but—with an Alexandrian flute-player! For bad as it might have been to have preferred another man to the emperor, a still more heinous crime would have been to have preferred another artist to the artist-prince. When Tiridates came to Rome to be crowned King of Parthia by his over-lord, the Emperor Nero amid the banquets, exhibitions and games in his honor, did not spare him displays of his own playing upon the harp. And the untutored savage had a sufficiently intelligent mind to hear his god in the strings, if not in the wind. For a long time Nero sang only in private. But like many who have a "drawing-room voice," he longed for the recital-stage and a larger audience. "His voice was, in fact, thin and inclined to be hoarse"; though he himself was so proud of it, and longed impatiently to try it out in public. "There is no respect for hidden music," he was wont to say, quoting a Greek proverb. Yet he did not dare choose a Roman city for his vocal debut, such was the prejudice against an emperor's appearing as a public singer. We have an echo of this prejudice in connection with Piso's conspiracy to murder Nero, and become emperor in his stead. Subrius Flavus, the tribune, one of the conspirators, was reported to have said that he would kill Piso so soon as Nero were dead. "The soldiers were not going to replace a harpist (Nero) by a vocalist (Piso). That would not heal the disgrace!" Nero chose the Grecised city of Naples for his "coming-out," in A. D. 64, and no sooner was his recital over, and the theatre emptied, than an earthquake destroyed it. This seems more than a coincidence: Nature herself appears to voice a protest. His first performance in Rome was on the occasion of the burning of the city, and though for various reasons, it is too much to say that "Nero fiddled while Rome burned," it is highly probable that he did sing, from a safe elevation, while his capital went up in flames, for to the imperial artist the burning city was no more than an effective stage-setting for his glorious singing.

In the reaction from the fear induced by Piso's conspiracy, Nero—quantitatively, at any rate—sang as never before. The Roman Senate, when he announced his intention of singing at the Quinquennial Games, A. D. 65, in a vain effort, perhaps, to stave off hearing the recital which they foresaw they would be forced to attend, offered him the prizes of song and eloquence *before* the performances began. But this piqued Nero, and he said he would meet all comers in the contest for song superiority. The result was, of course, the same. It was disloyal not to applaud. An unbiased opinion as to

Nero's singing was as dangerous then, as one regarding governmental methods might be now. The equivalent of a modern attorney-general had his spies liberally distributed about the theatre, and the Roman Department of Justice acted with the intelligent zeal which marks any bureau of its kind under incompetent and tyrannical rule. It was forbidden to leave the building while Nero was on the stage. Keen-witted Greeks in the audience feigned death in order to be carried out, and Vespasian, who fell asleep during one of the emperor's recitals, nearly lost his life in consequence. It was spared only at the intercession of friends. During Nero's great song-tour of Greece, the concluding event of artistic magnitude of his life, he won—as was to be expected—the chief prizes at all the four festivals, the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian. He returned to Rome with 1,808 crowns of victory, which had been awarded him, riding in a magnificent triumphal procession to celebrate his vocal victories, along the same streets where the great generals and pro-consuls who had given Rome the dominion of the earth had ridden to their more patriotic triumphs. And with him in his chariot was—Diodorus the harper! Nero's crowns were hung on the walls of his bed-chamber, and his image as the harpist-god adorned the streets of the city, and was stamped upon his coins. And then he took up the study of music with renewed energy. The Emperor, as Suetonius declared, "nor yet would do aught in earnest or mirth without his Phonascus by, a Moderatour of his voice, to put him in minde for to spare his pipes and hold his handkerchief to his mouth: and to many a man he eyther offered friendship or denounced enmitie according as he praised him more or less." But the Romans by now had had their fill of Nero. Vindex in Gaul and Galba in Spain rose against him. The news filled him with terror, but his cruelty was equalled by his incapacity. The musician-emperor makes a few half-hearted efforts to gather troops, but is far more interested in examining some new hydraulic organs, sending late at night for leading knights and senators to rejoice with him in the discovery that: "I have found out how the organ can be made to sound a lower note, and more tunefully." Or, after a feast, he decides to present himself unarmed to the armies' sight, with no argument save tears only, whereby the rebels would be recalled to their fealty. Then on the following day he would chant the Ode to Victory among his rejoicing legionaries. "Which Ode," he continues, "I must compose at once!" And before he cuts his throat at the villa of his freedman Phaon, when the hoof-beats of his pursuer's horses sound on his ear, he murmurs, "How great an artist dies with me!"

As might be expected, the vicious and incapable Vitellius, who followed Galba and Otho as emperor, admired Nero. "Sing us one of the Master's songs!" he was wont to tell a harpist who pleased him. But when the accession of Vespasian once more gives the Roman world a strong ruler, a man of character and high resolve, we know almost without saying, that music plays no part in his life.

HELIOGABALUS

Helioabalus (A. D. 218-222) is another musical emperor, and what is he like? As Gibbon so neatly puts it: "To confound the order of seasons and climates, to sport with the passions and prejudices of his subjects, and to subvert every law of nature and decency, were among the number of his most delicious amusements." We cannot quote all that Aelius Lampridius, who lived in the fourth century under Diocletian and Constantin, and is the only writer who has written a biography of the monster, has to say; for he says much that is unquotable. Yet there is no doubt but that he was an uncommonly restless and depraved degenerate, gifted with a vicious imagination, fertile in bizarre and disgusting futilities. Some of the artistic touches of this music-loving prince are quite modern. He gave festivals of different colors in summer: one day the table service would be olive-green, another pea-green; the day after it would be blue, and so on through the summer months. He was the first to flavor wine with mint and mastic, as indeed his whole life was devoted to a search for the novelties of voluptu. He took particular pleasure in studying mob psychology—after his own fashion. When great crowds were gathered together for a solemn festival, he had a large number of serpents loosed on them, and uttered cries of delight to see those bitten and those trampled under foot in the ensuing panic, writhing in their agony. Wine of roses and rosebuds filled the baths in which he bathed with his familiars, and one of his pleasant fancies at banquets was to have his guests recline on couches inflated with wind. These were suddenly emptied, and the diners found themselves eating under the table. At night he attended to the business of the day, arising in the evening to receive the homage of his courtiers, and going to bed in the morning. In place of an auto he had a little one-wheeled chariot, gilded and inlaid with jewels, to which he harnessed three or four beautiful girls, and thus drove about the courts of the palace. Since his Syrian priests had predicted he would die a violent death, he kept on hand a stock of nooses, of scarlet and purple silk, with which to strangle himself; he had swords of gold upon which to fall in case of

need; and in hollowed hyacinths and emeralds he carried mortal poisons. He even had a high tower built, from which, if the necessity arose, he meant to fling himself on a board incrustated with gold and precious stones. Thus his death would be embellished with all the trappings of luxury; while at the same time it could be said that no one had ever yet perished in such wise. Yet he was, in the end, slain by the steel broadsword of a rebellious soldier, and his dishonored body flung into the Tiber. How do we know—aside from his general depravity—that Heliogabalus was a music-lover, that he out-Neroed even Nero as a performer? Because Aelius Lampridius expressly says: "He sang, he danced, he played the flute, he blew the trumpet, he plucked the lute and played the organ." And the Byzantine historian Zonaras adds: "He sang barbaric songs to his strange (Syrian) god!"

Though among the Roman emperors Nero and Heliogabalus are outstanding examples of the degeneracy which seems part and parcel of the make-up of the crowned music-lover, there are numerous other examples to be found among their successors.

SOME ORIENTAL MUSICAL DYNASTS

But passing from the empire of the Romans, let us glance at the Oriental dynasts of the caliphate. The earlier and greater caliphs of the Omayyad house, Omar, Moawiya, Abdalmalik, Sueliman Walid (during whose reign Spain was conquered by the Arabs), had no time for music. But the weaker Yazid II held music, condemned by his predecessors Suleiman and Omar II, in high honor. Two of his court singers, Sallama and Hababa, exercised a great influence over him, and the death of the latter afflicted him so greatly that he perished of grief soon after she herself had died. Hisham followed Yazid II, and after Hisham came his son Walid II, "a handsome man," who cultivated music *con amore*, so much so, in fact, that the governor of Irak, on being confirmed in his office when Walid ascended the throne, included a number of *musical instruments* among the gifts of horses, falcons, golden and silver vessels which he sent the caliph as a sign of his gratitude. Walid had no real opportunity of proving the correctness of our hypothesis respecting musical monarchs, for he was murdered before the gift of musical instruments sent by his governor ever reached him.

Like the Omayyids, the earlier Abassids were also men of might, not men of music. Even Haroun-al-Rashid enjoyed it only incidentally. But among his successors we see mismanagement and music, incapacity and sonal sensibility ever going hand in hand.

There was Amin, for instance (d. 813), who was wholly incompetent. He occupied himself principally with the affairs of his harem, with polo, fishing, wine and *music*. Naturally, "the five years of his reign were disastrous to the empire." His successor, Mamun, was a ruler of rare qualities. His interests were scientific and literary, and his reign was a glorious one. During the reigns of Motawakkil, a cruel and perfidious voluptuary, Montasir, a weakling, Mostain and Motazz, the magnificent palace of Jafariya, which Motawakkil had built at Samarra, resounded to the pleatings of instruments and the voice. But one of the first measures of the able and energetic Mohtadi, when he ascended the throne, was to banish from court all musicians and singers. A ruler of this type was too good for the times, and Mohtadi was murdered in the year 870. With Motamid, his successor, the banished song-birds and lutenists probably returned to the palace; but they just as probably had to move out once more when his grandson Motadid inherited the crown, for after Mansur, this prince was one of the ablest and most energetic of the Abassid rulers. But thenceforward the Abassid dynasty died out tunelessly in shame and degradation through a succession of unworthy rulers, until the last caliph of the line, Mostasim, was slain by the Mongol Khan Hulaku in his own plundered capital. Hulaku, incidentally, a monster of cruelty, had the head of Kamil, a Mameluk prince whom he captured, and whom he killed by forcing bits of flesh torn from his body down his throat, carried through the streets of Damascus "with tambourines and singers moving before it," his "savage breast" quite unmoved by this ghastly musical procession.

SOME ENGLISH MUSICAL KINGS

Reverting from East to West once more, and considering some of the mediaeval dynasties of European rulers, we still find Shakespeare's contention not borne out by historic fact, in so far as it may be applied to kings. Alfred the Great, it is true, played the harp, and so did many a Norse, Swedish and Danish king of the time; the latter all having their trains of scalds and minstrels; but the music these bardic musicians made, served mainly as an incitement to deeds of blood and battle. Taillefer, who rode into the battle of Hastings singing the "Song of Roland," did so to animate the hearts of the Normans and Duke William. In the case of these rulers the bardic songs and harpings largely answered the same purpose that the roll of drum and brazen blare of military band do to-day. They were mere martial sound stimulants, all harping on the same old tune

of "Up, boys and at 'em!" They stood for no "charm to soothe." A little later on we come to Richard the Lion-Heart, King of England, Richard the troubadour, the chivalric, the gallant, the Crusader, passionately devoted to minstrelsy—and, perhaps, quite unconsciously one of the worst of English kings, because of his senseless prodigality, his love for expensive adventure far from home, his sacrifice of all the real interests of his kingdom for the rainbow bubbles of romantic enterprise. The story of how Blondel sang him out of his Austrian prison is well known. And his cruel and debauched brother, King John Lackland, who died of a surfeit of peaches and new cider, was also a lover of worldly tunes and ballads. Speaking of other English monarchs, Mary Bateson, in her "Medieval England" remarks with truth: "It is noticeable that of England's artistic kings, Henry III, Richard II and Charles I, not one was in harmony with his subjects." All of these sovereigns were prodigal, weak and devoid of executive ability. Henry III, "Harry of Winchester," also known as "the beggar-king," because of the extravagance which left him continually without resources, had unique methods of raising money when it was needed to pay his painters, artificers and musicians. When his son Edward was born, in 1236, the streets of London were illuminated, "whilst bands of dancers made the night joyful with drum and tambourine." But the king, fond as he was of a "joyful noise," quite aside from mere tuneful rejoicing also had an eye to more substantial expressions of pleasure on the part of his subjects. He sent messengers into the city and country to *ask* for presents. When they came back well loaded, the king smiled with satisfaction; but if the gift were small it was rejected with contempt. "God gave us the child," said one Norman, "but the king sells him to us!" It is no wonder the money flew, if we consider Henry's luxurious tastes. He must have his mattresses of velvet, his cushions and bolsters of silk, his damask napery, his goblet of mounted cocoa-nut, his glass cup set in crystal. And when his sister Isabella marries the Emperor, he gives her rich examples of goldsmiths' work, silver pans and cooking vessels, a chess-table and chessmen in an ivory casket, beds of Genoese cloth of gold, robes of Arras, and of scarlet, blue and green cambrie, and much else by way of table-linen. And he pays a single harper at his court the very sizable stipend, very sizable indeed for that time, of forty shillings, and allows the musician a pipe of wine for himself and another pipe for his wife. The money to pay for his artistic and musical extravagances the king obtained by begging, borrowing and stealing—for in 1248, parliament remonstrated because the king "seized by force on whatever was used in the way of meat and drink

—especially wine and even clothes—against the will of those who sold these things!"

The tyrannical Richard II was another lavishly extravagant and incapable ruler, one who indulged his luxurious tastes by the most arbitrary methods of taxation. In his love for music he was the first English sovereign to have recourse to the "press-gang" to secure singing boys for the Royal Chapel. An official was authorized "to take and seize for the king all such singing-men expert in the science of music as he could find and think able to do the king service, within all places of the realm, as well as in cathedral churches, colleges, chapels, houses of religion, and all other franchised or exempt places, or elsewhere." Thus a tyrant for music's sake, he also lavished the most disproportionate rewards and annuities on his musicians out of the taxes wrung from his impoverished people—a truly musical monarch. He came to a bad end.

In fine contrast, King Henry V, the conqueror of France, though at his coronation at Westminster, "the number of harpers in the hall was innumerable," was himself "no encourager of the popular minstrelsy" which flourished in such perfection during his reign. When he returned in triumph from Agincourt, and made his entry into London, he came out firmly against the community sing—a stand which, according as one does or does not believe in community singing, may be held to argue that he was either quite unmusical or very musical indeed. Children had been placed in artificial turrets to sing verses in honor of the occasion. But King Henry would by no means countenance their music, which he not only forbade, but commanded that in the future "no ditties should be made by and sung by minstrels and others" in praise of the battle. King Henry V, who did not care for minstrelsy or children's choruses, died universally lamented by his subjects; while the taking off of Richard II, that magnificent music-lover, was felt by them as a distinct relief.

Henry VIII came honestly enough by his love for music. His father King Henry VII was rapacious and extortionate, and cultivated music. He was always attended by waits and minstrels, and had a fine collection of musical instruments. Henry VIII, another quasi-monster, delighted above all other things in "singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing at the recorders, flute, virginals, in setting of songs and making of ballads." Music remained a life-long passion with him, but it did not make him more humane or less licentious. The title of his best-known ballad, "The hunte is up," when we view it in the light of his activities as a ruler and a husband, seems almost to suggest the never-ending chase which drove so many victims to the axe and block on Tower Hill.

Queen Elizabeth shared one peculiarity with the Emperor Nero. It was dangerous not to praise whatever she did. There is no doubt that she was fond of music, and encouraged it at her court. But with regard to her own virginal playing, we suspect that the chances are that her unfortunate contemporary and cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots, being by far—despite the romantic glamor surrounding her—the worse sovereign, must have been the better musician. The whole trend of historic fact lends support to the supposition.

The weak and worthless Stuarts who followed the Plantagenets and Tudors were all, as stands to reason, encouragers and patrons of music. James I, close and mean as he was about money matters, increased the stipend of the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal as one of the first acts of his reign. His son, the Prince of Wales, afterward King Charles I, learned to play the *viola da gamba* as a boy, and he became as accomplished a musician as he made a poor king. Cromwell, a strong man, knew no music save such pious airs as were set to godly psalms, and their words meant more than their tunes to him; but with the Restoration profane music again becomes the delight of the English court. That merry monarch Charles II was especially fond of his band of twenty-four fiddlers, and paid them well—when he paid them at all. On the other hand the musicians of the Royal Chapel, though their salaries were raised, never saw the color of their money, for Mr. Hingston, the organist, talking to Pepys (1666) says: "many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behind with their wages." There was always plenty of music, both instrumental and vocal, at Whitehall, fostered by the king who sold his country to the French, and who, as a ruler, was probably the worst of all the Stuarts.

MUSICAL MONARCHS OF FRANCE

What holds good for English kings applies as well to the sovereigns of other European nations. Clovis, King of the Franks, a murderous monster, whose latter years in particular were stained by numerous crimes, sang. As has been said of him: "King Clovis sang out of tune, no doubt, but still he sang!" His was another "savage breast" uncharmed. King Dagobert, the Merovingian, an oppressive and licentious monarch, *did* have "music in his soul," hence should not have been "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils." He played the organ, and loved singing to such an extent, that hearing the nun Nanthilde warbling matins behind the cloister bars, he fell head over heels in love with her. As a result, again disproving Shakespeare, he betrayed his queen, divorcing her; used stratagem

to draw Nanthilde from her refuge, and married her as the spoils of his musical passion. When we come to the Capetians, we find that Hugh Capet, the able and energetic founder of the dynasty, was not what might be called musical. His son, however, Robert the Pious, was a weak and amiable music-lover, who composed hymns for the church service. Is it strange that he had a disturbed and stormy reign? Some of his hymns still survive, among them one beginning "O Constantia martyrum." His wife Constantia had asked him to write a composition in her honor, and seeing her name beginning the first line of the text, was satisfied that he had done so, without investigating further. Philip Augustus, who was not musical, consolidated his kingdom and built hospitals, market-places, churches and other public buildings in Paris, whose principal streets he was the first to pave. His successor, Louis IX, though a man of noble character and extremely pious, included church music in the circle of his most vital interests. When he set sail for his Crusade against the Egyptian sultan his mariners sang the "Veni Creator" in chorus. There is, of course, no connection between this circumstance and the fact that his Egyptian Crusade was a total failure, he himself being taken prisoner, and only released upon payment of an enormous ransom, and that he died on a second crusade against Tunis, years afterward. And yet . . .

At the gorgeous court of King Philip VI of France, at which resided the Kings of Bohemia, Navarre and Mallorca, with their retinues—for their dull homes were never like Philip's Paris—all was banquets, balls, pageantry and mysteries, in which music played a leading part. But Philip had his Crecy. His son, King John, proud, presumptuous and cruel, and addicted to minstrels and magnificence like his father, found, in turn, Agincourt. The reign of Charles VI was also a musical one: the orchestra of the "Prince of Fools" flooded the royal court with music; and the king's wife, Isabelle of Bavaria, a monster in female form, was an accomplished harpist, though she did not use her art to calm her poor, mad husband's accessions of dementia. It was a reign of blood, murder and rapine, and one that well-nigh ruined the country. Charles VII is the king of "The Maid of Arc," but he is also the king of Agnes Sorel, to whose voice he loves to listen, and upon whom he lavishes the treasures of his realm. A king with a love for music, especially vocal music rendered by some fair and beloved singer, invariably increased the high cost of living for his subjects in the good old medieval days in France.

King René of Jerusalem and Sicily, Count of Provence, a contemporary of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, is literally music-mad.

He plays the violin himself, and spends his time with music-makers and minstrels, and his money on them. And so it goes: Louis XII, with whom the sixteenth century begins, and who burdened France with many costly wars, insists on being a singer. He has no voice; a single dubious note constitutes his entire range. So Josquin Duprez utilizes this sole note by writing a canon for the King, in which the royal vocalist may take part while singing no more than the one tone nature has placed at his disposal. Francis I, ruled by shallow-minded and incapable favorites, plays the lute; Charles IX has quite a gift for the violin—and carries out the bloody Massacre of St. Bartholomew! The fact that he preferred the violin to the flute or clavecin—then the instruments reserved for the quality, while the violin was held to be fit only for lackeys—shows that his musical tastes, from the standpoint of his own day, were low and vulgar. Henry III, the last of the Valois kings, was a sixteenth century Helioabalus, and a lavish patron of music and pageantry. His insensate expenses ruined France, and the example set by himself and his infamous court, brought the morals of the land to their lowest ebb. Louis XIV, the most conspicuous of the Bourbons, though he has been called "the Great," cannot in reality be so considered. He did not care for music in the genuine and intimate way that the Valois monarchs did, and he regarded those musical geniuses Lully and Rameau more as added embellishments of the festival pomp of his court, than as the creators of an independent artistic enjoyment dear to his heart. Louis XV had a fondness, especially in his ribald later years, for the *chansons grivoises*, whose low popular tunes and indecent verses he enjoyed in equal measure with Mme. du Barry, a *connoisseuse* entirely at home in them. Poor, dull Louis XVI did not react sensibly to music, though Marie Antoinette, the pupil of Gluck, had a neat gift for the clavecin and could sing. When not hunting, or enduring the tedious court ceremonial to which he was a slave, his dearest pleasure was his iron-work in his private smithy. Was he kind-hearted, virtuous and well-meaning because he was unmusical?

DEAD HAPSBURGHs, HOHENZOLLERNs, WITTELSBACHERs

We may turn to almost any other royal dynasty and find a similar showing of love for music coupled with weakness, lack of character, cruelty, depravity and every other vice; while the great and good monarchs are those who keep more or less aloof from the seduction of sound. In the case of the Moorish Omayyads of Spain, Abderrahman I and Abderrahman the III were great princes, skilled in war and adept administrators, but the reign of Abderrahman II, a

weak prince with a taste for music and literature, is described as a "time of confusion." Let us glance at the Hapsburgs. Rudolph of Hapsburgh, the founder of the dynasty, was a man who had no time for music—he was too busy creating an empire—but a weakness for music crept into the family long before the marriage of Francis, Duke of Lorraine, to the Empress Maria Theresia. The Emperor Ferdinand III, under whom the disintegration of the Holy Roman Empire was practically accomplished, was a musical *connoisseur* of considerable taste, and composed himself, notably an "Aria with 36 Variations," edited by his Court Organist Ebner. Leopold I, an intolerant bigot, was musically very well educated. He played several instruments, notably the clavier, and "tried out" the singers and instrumentalists who applied for positions in the Imperial orchestra himself. He always followed the score at opera performances, and would close his eyes blissfully when the most entrancing passages occurred. He left the war of the Spanish Succession as an evil legacy to his sons.

The oldest of these sons, who succeeded him as the Emperor Charles VI, was especially fond of composing canons, and accompanying at the piano. His daughter, the Empress Maria Theresia, was anything but a monster; but she was an out-and-out autocrat. Both she and her husband—during whose reigns Austria lost the bitterly contested Seven Years' War to Prussia—did much for the musical education of their children. In the midst of war, his country falling into ruins, his court receiving the bribes of his enemies, Charles VI composed an opera. He led the orchestra, the rôles were taken by princely and noble amateurs, and in the ballet which followed, his daughter danced in flesh-colored tights. His grandson, the gifted and artistic Joseph II, not only sang, but also played the pianoforte, the viola and the 'cello. He played a great deal for his own amusement, but was satisfied with the works of a Hasse and Salieri, not being able to rise to the heights of Mozart's genius. He told the latter, *à propos* of a performance of "The Abduction from the Seraglio": "Too fine for our ears, and what a tremendous number of notes, my dear Mozart!" Haydn's music, too, was beyond the emperor's limited musical taste to grasp. Joseph II did not escape the tragic fate which seems to be reserved for the few musical monarchs of good personal repute. Disgusted with the failure of his liberal and idealistic plans, he died of a broken heart.

As to the Hohenzollerns, Frederick the Great, a benevolent autocrat, plays the flute, yet is an empire builder in spite of this amiable weakness. But Frederick William II, who succeeded his

uncle Frederick, was easy-going, indolent and sensual. He played the 'cello; patronized Beethoven and Mozart, and instead of building up his country—when he died the state was bankrupt, the army decayed, and the monarchy discredited—built up the finest private orchestra to be found in Europe at that time. Among the lesser German princes of the eighteenth century were but few men of energy or character—and the majority of them were musical.

In the nineteenth century we have the mad King of Bavaria, Louis II, who, though he taxed his peasants to the bone in order to build the luxurious medieval castles (Linderhof, Herrenchiemsee, Hohenschwangau, Neuschwanstein) which attract visitors from all over the world, spared no money to launch the Wagner operas. He paid the composer's debts, granted him a large yearly pension, gave brilliant model performances of the Wagner dramas in Munich, gradually became incurably insane and met a tragic and mysterious death in the Starnberger See, together with his physician in 1886. His is one of the saddest cases among the royal musical madmen, for he had lovable traits, and, though wildly extravagant, was no Nero or Alphonse of Portugal.

MUSICAL MONARCHS OF THE NORTH

Yet fate is seldom kind to the monarchs loving music. They engage either our horror, or our commiseration. Mad musical kings are to be found in the cold North as well as in the sunny southern Bavarian land. King Eric XIV of Sweden, son of the great Gustavus Vasa, is crowned at Upsala, and rides gaily through Stockholm on July 12, 1561, to the roar of cannon, the peal of bells, and the cheers of his people. He loves music, and even writes a number of four-part choruses to Latin texts. But there is a pronounced strain of madness in him. He antagonizes his ambitious brothers, offends his nobles by marrying a young girl of obscure family, and is finally dethroned by the States of the Kingdom. Thrown into a dungeon and loaded with chains, he appeals to his brother John in the name of their father, and the latter orders books and musical instruments be given him. Yet they are taken from him again after a few days, and he is confined with even greater rigor. Removed to another prison he is tortured by being allowed to see his wife and child through the window, for a moment only. He endeavors to find consolation in singing the Psalms of David, and finally, poor maniac, is murdered in his prison. Christian IV of Denmark, splendor-loving, passionate, sensual, whose reign was an unfortunate one, and who descended to his grave weary and broken-hearted, was another

Scandinavian monarch who cultivated music with zest, and had the German composer Heinrich Schütz come to Copenhagen to reorganize his court orchestra.

It is not surprising to note, perhaps, that the most wretched of all the Romanoffs, the Emperor Peter Fedorovitch, son of a daughter of Peter the Great, "physically something less than a man and mentally little more than a child," did much to encourage the cultivation of music in Petrograd, and that, imbecile though he was, he is said to have played the violin "moderately well."

TWO KINGS OF SPAIN

Among the Spanish Bourbons King Philip V, a sullen melancholic, who was only kept from abdicating through his wife's holding him a virtual prisoner, was controlled in his sombre madness by the voice of Farinelli, the celebrated *castrato*. Farinelli came to Madrid in 1736, intending to stay a few months. He remained for twenty-five years. Night after night, ten years in succession, he had to sing to his royal master the same six songs, never any other. Ferdinand VI, the son of Philip, was also of a shy and melancholy disposition; and since music, with the exception of the hunt, was almost his sole pleasure and interest, Farinelli went right on with his nightly concerts. King Charles IV of Spain was a poor king and only a fair musician, yet very fond of music. Like so many string players who like to play quartet, yet are unhappy if they cannot play the first fiddle, whether they are qualified to do so or not, King Charles, until dethroned by Napoleon, always reserved this part for his royal self.

A PORTUGUESE MUSICAL MANIAC

King Charles was merely a poor fool, but what are we to think of the unutterably vile and musical Alphonse VI, King of Portugal (1656-1683), a semi-maniac with strong homicidal tendencies. His life was an agreeable alternation of murder, music and licentious excess. He played the flageolet. He had married, in 1666, Marie Françoise Elizabeth, grand-daughter of Henry IV of France. Quite naturally, it did not take Queen Marie long to discover that she detested her amiable husband. Following this first discovery came a second one: she had fallen in love with his brother Don Pedro. There were various intrigues, plots and counterplots to force the abdication of Alphonse, and keep him on the throne. The King, his brother Pedro, Queen Marie, and some of the Portuguese nobles, appeared on the balcony of the palace to receive the plaudits of the

crowd. As an act of royal condescension, King Alphonse took a flageolet, piped a tune on it in the most abominable manner and, when he had finished, handed the instrument to a grave and respected nobleman and insisted on his playing it also. "The lowest of the populace were so disgusted that they had almost laid hands on the royal flageolet player, and dethroned him then and there." This sensible proceeding was not long deferred, in fact, and the insane musical king was kept in a confinement far too honorable for him until his death, passing his time in hunting, feasting, sleeping and—presumably—playing his beloved flageolet.

CONCLUSION

The preceding presentation of monarchs whose more or less "savage breasts"—or if not savage, then irresolute, depraved, imbecile, or insane—refute the Shakespearian assertion anent music's power to charm, is by no means categorical. It merely brushes the surface, so to speak, in a general survey, which cannot pretend to be comprehensive. At the same time it bears sufficient witness to the truth of the contention that—in monarchs, at any rate—there is often a subtle interconnection between musical tastes and proficiencies, and a lack of kingly and even human virtues. History seems determined to prove that a love for music is a species of immorality in the case of the crowned head; that it often lays a curse on its activities. Perhaps it would be going too far to try to fix the exact degree to which the musical leanings of the ex-emperor William II of Germany, his encouragement of Leoncavallo operas, and his own "Sang an Aegir," were responsible for his overthrow and the loss of the late war by the Central Powers. Yet one might be tempted to believe, in the light of historic evidence, that the cult of music by royalty is distinctly of ill omen for its cultivators. Napoleon III was fond of Offenbach and Waldteufel waltzes. This indulgence alone would not have brought him to Sedan and Wilhelmshöhe. But with a liking for Waldteufel went the other characteristics often found in a musical temperament: a tendency to visionary speculation, a weak and easy yielding to the influence of others, an abdication of the dictates of reason in favor of sentimental affection. That unfortunate Mexican Emperor Maximilian, one of the most sympathetic of the Hapsburgs, was not shot by his rebellious subjects because he was musical, nor because he had had sent to the Tyrolean Alps for a shipment of two thousand canary-birds, to teach the gorgeously plumaged feathered tribes of the Mexican forests a truly musical bird-note, and increase, multiply, and subdue

the wilderness of Anahuac with their song. No, not because he had the musical temperament, but because it made itself felt in momentous practical decisions, and carried with it the artistic weaknesses and irresolutions which are fatal when rapid and decided action are demanded.

Are the uncomplimentary theories regarding music and "the savage breast," which history seems to justify with such an abundance of proof, applicable only to the uneasy heads of royalty? Ordinary mortals, the rank and file, who are able to enjoy music and compose and execute it without suffering morally, will be inclined to answer in the affirmative. Had they not been emperors and kings, Nero, Heliogabalus, Henry III of France, Richard II of England, and many another might have made better musicians—they could not have been worse rulers. Still, perhaps, some day Shakespeare's poetic hypothesis may become universally true and an actual fact.

THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

By HANS SCHNEIDER

Chaqu'un à son goût!

THE enjoyment of music is an absolutely individual matter. Perhaps not two people enjoy the same composition in the same way and to the same degree.

The trained musician whose enjoyment of music is the result of knowledge, reasoning, and of experienced and trained listening, might well be wondering how others enjoy music, who do not possess all these attributes or possess them in a more or less confused degree.

In using the word "music" one is badly handicapped, as we have no distinct terms for bad and good music or for real serious music and the kind which might charitably be called "ordered noise." To classify music according to its true merit and find special terms for it would be an endless and hopeless task, and so the term covers the most trivial and the most sublime.

Yet everyone of the distinctions that could be made and that really exists has its followers who love, and stoutly defend their kind and demonstrate their dislike of the "wrong" kind in unmistakable manner.

The answer to this question is then to be found in individuality, or personality, which, according to Goethe, is the greatest gift to man. Dean Browne of the Yale Divinity School recently coined the phrase, "Man is incurably religious;" and we might also say: "Man is incurably musical." Shakespeare's man, who "has no music in his soul," does not exist except as a physical abnormality.

According to poets and sentimentalist, music is the language of the soul, the voice of the emotions, the wireless between souls. But it is plain that, starting with such uncertain premises, as the word "soul," we can never come to clear conclusions, and while such expressions lead us into choice reverie and rhapsody in the n'th dimension, they will never answer our question definitely. This can be done only by investigating it from a strictly physical point of view.

The principal and most natural quality of music is rhythm. It originated with and lives by music and the absence of it means the loss of music. All musical works that are immortal, are so by the grace of their rhythmic superiority. All other music (and the music publishers know what a graveyard they support) owes its demise to rhythmic anaemia.

All the emotions may be explained in terms of physical activity, and produce, in one way or another, motor energy. All pleasure and pain is either enhancement or arrest of functional activity, either increase or decrease of a primitive feeling-state. Closely connected with this is acceleration or retardation of the blood circulation, which plays a most important part in the general physical condition; and thus again governs and influences matters of personality.

The change in the blood circulation is possible through the decrease or increase of the heart's amplitude, through the ability to beat faster or slower; and, as the heart beats continuously, it acts almost like a metronome, which marks time to our march through life, from the cradle to the grave, and decides upon the intimate tempo—slow or fast—to which our symphony of life is to be played.

From the beginning of life we have been accustomed to the heart and pulse beats, which recur periodically, and divide "time" into equal fragments. But that is what rhythm does with music; and if body and music make use of the same important force, it is not to be wondered at, that music appeals first to the body (*physis*) and only secondarily and through associated processes to the soul (*psyche*).

When we see, for instance, a primitive specimen of humanity "enjoying" music, we are sure that this is neither a soul-feast nor an aesthetic affair, for upon examination the music he "enjoys" will be found to be of an essentially primitive rhythmic character, which appeals exclusively to the body, whose most movable parts, head, arms and legs, involuntarily move in time with it.

But this accompanying of music with bodily motion is a great deal more than a mere response to rhythm; it is also the unconscious desire to recreate the music, which desire Yrjö Hirn (*The Origin of Arts*) proclaims as one of the strongest features of the enjoyment of any art. This theory also explains most satisfactorily many other peculiarities connected with the enjoyment of music. It also explains why, in art alone, the association of other senses with the principal one does not decrease, but increases the enjoyment through the principal sense.

It is a well-known psychological fact that simultaneous stimulation of several senses enhances enjoyment in general, but diminishes the intensity of response of each individual sense. To be forced to listen to music during dinner—a most barbaric custom, from a gastronomic point of view—may increase the general feeling tone, but the strain upon the auditory centre surely must detract from the proper enjoyment of the food. Yet in acquiring music, the sense of seeing, for instance, is one of the greatest helps to the majority of concert-goers; in fact many of them would be utterly helpless if they were deprived of its use.

Whenever people watch the conductor closely, or ask for seats “where they can watch the hands of the pianist” they follow instinctively the impulse of employing another sense—that of the eye—to increase their enjoyment. This is also the psychological reason for the popularity with the great majority of such men as Creatore and de Pachmann, and their equal failure to attract the more sensitive listener, because in both cases their performance appeals as much to the eye as to the ear.

However, one cannot deny that the sympathetic and impressive gestures, the bodily expression in the conducting of such men as Nikisch and the late Mahler, the most impressive and expressive conductor of all, does materially assist in conveying the symbolic meaning of a musical phrase that would otherwise be too deep for such listeners to appreciate. It was Nietzsche who said that the majority of people were always deficient in the ability to understand the symbolism of music, and therefore had to cling to the formal part of it.

Rhythm of course, is not the only quality of music, for although there must be rhythm, there is plenty of music in which this quality makes itself very little felt, as for instance in “slow” music. So-called slow music is essentially melodic. The organic source of melody is harmony and the tendency of tones for certain progressions is due to the feeling of key. But as we have in the heart a physical organ closely associated with rhythm, so we have in the ear one that is sympathetically responsive to mere tone combinations.

This organ of the ear is supposed to be located in the cochlea, and its actively echoing parts are the basilar membrane and organ of Corti. These are stimulated in exact ratio by sound waves, which vibrate via the auditory nerve and auditory centre, and finally become tones and harmony.

In their crude state they recognize only certain intervals which make up nature's chord; but through training, these organs are capable of response to the most intricate harmonic combinations.

Whenever the primitive ear is approached by too complex or unusual harmonies, it will regard them as "queer" or "wrong," because the ear cannot assimilate them quickly, and cannot vibrate in sympathy with them. This is an experience that every music teacher has daily with children, when they meet specially dissonant chords in their music.

Therefore, folk-music, hymns and popular music, constructed according to this simple acoustic scheme of the ear—swinging pendulum-like between tonic and dominant—are enjoyed mostly by primitive listeners. Such music appeals to their natural qualifications. They put no particular strain upon the ear, they do not require any increased labor of this organ, and there is a perfect balance between incoming sensation, and out-going energy, and the primitive feeling-state of pleasure and enjoyment. There was a time when, according to J. J. Rousseau, music was supposed to be "the art of combining sounds so as to please the ear."

In speaking of music in a very general way, and also of its "enjoyment" by the untrained listener, we may divide it into two great classes, fast and slow, rhythmic and melodic, although this distinction is very loose and inaccurate, when applied to music of a higher class. Man, with that unfailing instinct for his feeling-states, unerringly and accurately connects with them the proper physical states. To him, fast music is adequate with increase of action, and an increase of joy; slow music is arrest of activity and ultimately, as we shall see later, will become the expression of sorrow.

The leaning toward and enjoying of one or the other depends entirely upon the predominance of either the rhythmic or melodic quality, and is dictated entirely by the personality of the listener. A man of strong vitality, forceful personality, possessing plenty of energy, will enjoy music of equivalent qualities, that is, lively music of strong rhythmic character. For rhythm is accent, accent is will, will is expression of personal strength, or work, which is the expression of joy in living.

If such a person lacks imagination, and he usually does, he will be fond of ragtime, which is nothing but rhythm and accent. But when imaginative, he might like good classical music, of strong rhythmic quality, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, for instance, with its strong and all pervading two-time rhythm in glorious and endless variety, would strongly appeal to him. But even in this case, the principal "enjoyment" will come from the rhythmic element, while the harmonious and melodic beauties of the work may pass through his mind without leaving any perceptible trace in his consciousness.

Should the rhythm of a composition, on the other hand, change often and suddenly, as it does in many modern works, the primitive rhythmic sense of an untrained listener is not able to adjust itself to the quick changes; his rhythmical equilibrium is disturbed too often and he cannot follow, and consequently his enjoyment is impaired. The appeal of the complex music is "too much" for him, and therefore it does not give him the physical satisfaction, which is the only one he can get out of music.

By persons of much vitality and energetic temperament, and also by children, who always have a surplus of physical energy, "slow" music is but little "enjoyed." In such music the rhythmical quality is less apparent; often it is purposely veiled by the composer, through the use of compound meters, such as 6-8, 9-8, 12-8, which are again divided into smaller fractions (Adagio, Ninth Symphony, Beethoven, second part) until all trace of rhythm is obliterated and dissolved into endless streams of flowing melody.

In such meters the strongest accent, the "energy of the beginning," becomes too "far apart." It escapes the attention, and therefore ceases to stimulate physical motor action. Consequently, such music appeals to persons of little energy and low vitality. But as the emotional state it creates craves for a motor outlet just the same, and as the absence of rhythm prevents stimulation of any physical display, the outlet is directed into thought. People of less energetic temperament are generally imaginative and sentimental. With them such thoughts will easily develop into reverie and dreaming, and as they aimlessly wander through the mind, they are apt to leave the main road and lose themselves in the many by-ways which they cross, and which lead into the far-away "long, long ago."

Following these paths of least resistance, and remaining unchecked, life's experiences of former days are awakened, and still more complete emotional states are created, which may assume such strength that the balance between stimulus and response (incoming and outgoing energy) is disturbed. All emotional states crave motor expression, and this so far retarded physical expression seeks, after all, relief, which it finds in sobbing and crying, and thus such music may impress itself upon the listener as being sad music.

However, it is not a case of crying because the music is sad, but the act of crying creates in the listener this illusion and this association will forever cling to that particular music and to all of the same kind.

Music itself is neither sad nor joyful. Music consists of rationally connected tones, vibrations of air, and all these may spread

from the auditory centre by way of sympathetic ganglia to other nerve centres and create associations. Music cannot interpret abstract ideas, nor illustrate concrete subjects, like poetry and painting. There is no definiteness in it, and that is its chief charm. But like that of all the other arts, its purpose is the creation of illusion. If music could produce a distinct sad or joyful effect, it would have to affect all people alike. This is not the case, as it may stir up one kind of response in one, and an entirely different one in somebody else. The same music may affect the same person differently at different times, according to the elated or depressed state of his feeling.

Neither is music directly the language of feeling. The inner life is mostly made up of experiences stored up in the emotional memory; and from this voices may answer, echo-like, the appeal of music. But that is merely indirectly, and the "power of music" exists only in and through the imagination.

The question is often asked: Who enjoys music more, the trained musician or the untrained layman? The answer is always in favor of the latter. The pleasure derived from music, is, first, physical, next emotional, and finally intellectual. But as the enjoyment is raised from the first two states to the highest plane, it loses in genuineness and intensity, for the application of the intellect means control, and curbing of feeling.

We often refer to the "musical sense" in man, which consists of appreciating rhythm and harmony and, in its highest development with the serious composer, of the ability to think in tones. This sense is not an organic one, but one of the acquired facilities of the human race. Music itself is a matter of invention, and, like all other acquired faculties, has experienced constant improvement from generation to generation.

As it rose slowly from the simple to the complex, the sense of hearing kept pace with it, and rose from a state of purely isolated physical reaction to tone waves to the ability to connect this reaction with other centres, and finally to the state of pure intellectualism in the hyper-modern music. This process, which has taken centuries to be perfected in the human race, is daily reproduced in much shorter time in the musical education of the individual.

With the musician, aside from the always present danger of satiation, the enjoyment soon becomes a matter of intellectual labor, which of course is also a pleasure, but one of less intensity. He also, and perhaps more so, recreates, while listening, but not with that abounding pleasure of the primitive listener.

There also enters an entirely new factor into his enjoyment; his thematic memory. Jouvier says rightly: "*La musique c'est la fête du mémoire*," for the ultimate and highest enjoyment of serious music depends entirely upon an alert and correct memory. Unless one can retain the different musical motives out of which, for instance, a symphonic movement is built up, recognize them when they reappear, follow them through the different instruments of the orchestra, forever unconsciously comparing, recognizing their rhythmic, harmonic and moody changes, the full appreciation of such a composition is impossible.

But this very memory which gives the musician such a complete insight into the work is very apt to develop into purely intellectual and analytical labor, causing interference with his enjoyment; or, to use a popular phrase, "the heart remains empty." In such a case, the musician does not stand before the great mystery in its total, as the layman does, but he sees the work built up piecemeal, and thus loses the superior total effect. Perhaps the whole question here is that of "blissful ignorance."

If we ask who enjoys music more, the man who listens to a symphony or the man who listens to trivial music, the answer is, that he enjoys music most who listens to music best fitted to his personality—the word personality, taken in the widest possible sense, the sum total of his physical, mental and social qualities. It does not make any difference whether this best-fitted music be a Brahms symphony, a trivial ragtime tune or a sentimental ditty.

The man who enjoys music most intensely is the man who has lived a rich life, who has stored away in his mind's treasure-house vast experiences of sorrow and joy, and whose sympathetic attitude to the world around him keeps his mind open to receive the many stimuli that come from everywhere; who lets them penetrate into the transliminal abyss of his sub-consciousness and bring forth the old joys again to gladden his heart, the old sorrows to dim again his eyes, and indulge in the luxury of past grief.

In this sense we may then speak, but indirectly only, of music as "the language of the soul" and as "communication from soul to soul." The works of our great composers are the mirrors of their lives; what they proclaim in their works are the joys and sorrows they have experienced, not as composers, but as human beings, who feel and suffer as you and I.

And when, in the overwhelming stress of inspiration, their emotions cried imperatively for utterance, they wrote down what lived in them, and thus invited the whole world to participate and

share in their joys and troubles. But what they wrote was there before it was expressed, and it can appeal only to that which is in man when this message reaches him.

Taste and enjoyment are relative, personal, individual: *chaqu'un à son "tempérament."* The recipe for the greatest enjoyment of music is to live, to work, to suffer and to enjoy; for a rich, full life is the best resonance board for music.

BEETHOVEN'S "LEONORE" AND "FIDELIO"

By EDGAR ISEL

WHILE Mozart, the most universal genius in Music, entering between Gluck and Beethoven, was permitted to aspire to the wreaths of both the Dramatist and the Symphonist, Beethoven's fame is quite as peculiarly based on his—in the widest sense of the term—symphonic works as that of Gluck on his dramatic compositions. Everything else that Beethoven wrote rightly occupies the background in contrast with his sonatas, quartets, and symphonies, with the sole exceptions of his solemn mass and the opera "Fidelio," which of right should be entitled "Leonore." Only once did Beethoven write an opera, but this one essay placed him in the ranks of the very greatest in the realm of stage-composers, beside Gluck and Mozart, and before Weber and Wagner.

But slightly impressed by Gluck, and repelled—in accordance with his lofty ethical conception of love—by what he considered to be Da Ponte's too frivolous libretti for Mozart, Beethoven sought for an art-work of a tenor similar to that of the loftier portions of "The Magic Flute." Besides, he exceedingly admired Cherubini, whose opera "Les deux journées" had such striking success from 1800 onward that even Goethe (in "Dichtung und Wahrheit") observed that, in this opera, "perhaps the most felicitous subject is treated, that we have ever seen on the stage," and lauded this same opera to Eckermann as especially good "because it could be heard with pleasure even without music." "This important matter of a good groundwork (continues Goethe, according to Eckermann) is either not realized by composers, or they find no expert poets to second them with good subjects skillfully presented. Certain it is, that I can really enjoy an opera only when its subject is as well wrought as the music, so that the one keeps pace with the other."

It was a most remarkable conjunction that no other than the clever theatre manager and judge of human nature, Schikaneder, inspired Beethoven with the idea of writing an opera, and therewith to enter into direct rivalry with Cherubini's operas, then in high favor in Vienna. Whether Schikaneder also called his

attention to the Leonore subject, is uncertain, but quite probable. In any event, it can not have been mere chance that prompted Beethoven, to whom that subject was evidently confided by a man in close touch with the stage, to choose a libretto which not only bears a strong resemblance to Cherubini's most celebrated opera, but actually derives from the author of the Cherubini libretto.

Jean-Nicolas Bouilly (1763-1842), for a time a favorite French dramatist, who was jocularly termed "the tearful poet" (*poète lachrymal*), filled the post of "Administrateur" of a Department during the Terror of the French Revolution, and in his *Memoirs* relates how he frequently aided the wives of imprisoned nobles to free their husbands through heroic efforts. Thereafter he wrote, from personal experience, the two librettos for "Les deux journées" (for Cherubini) and (earlier in point of time) "Léonore, ou l'Amour conjugal," to which a now forgotten composer, Pierre Gaveaux (1761-1825), wrote the first music. In this shape the work was produced at Paris on Feb. 19, 1798. Beethoven was doubtless acquainted with this music, for Gaveaux's score was found in his literary remains. Formerly it was often asserted that Beethoven was influenced by Ferdinand Paër's successful opera, produced at Dresden on Oct. 4, 1804, written in the Italian language and likewise adapted from Bouilly's libretto. But we now know positively that Beethoven had already begun with his composition before Paër's opera came out, and that his German librettist utilized the original French book exclusively. In this connection Berlioz was fond of telling a pretty anecdote which Ferdinand Hiller is said to have heard from Paër himself, and according to which Beethoven exclaimed to Paër, who was seated beside him at the production of the latter's "Leonore," "Oh, how beautiful, how interesting! I must compose that!" If this story is really true, and not invented by the facetious Paër himself, it is likely that Beethoven did not so express himself to Paër at the production of "Leonore" (which was not given in Vienna until 1809), but at the performance of a funeral march of Paër's, said to have moved Beethoven to write the Dead March in the "Eroica." At all events, Berlioz was right in observing, "What has become of Gaveaux's and Paër's 'Leonores'?" They came, and went; for, of the three Leonores, the score of the first is weak, that of the second barely a work of talent, the third a composition of genius.

Bouilly relates that the subject of his "Leonore" is drawn from the life; a lady of Touraine set free her imprisoned husband by "a deed of the loftiest heroism" (in which Bouilly was

fortunately able to assist her), similar to Leonore's freeing of her Florestan. It was only to avoid arousing hostility that Bouilly shifted the scene of action to Spain; and at the first production of the piece (with Gaveaux's music), which took place during the revolutionary period, the subject was designated, with intent to mystify, as "an historical Spanish incident." That which breathes the breath of immortal life into the work, and inspired Beethoven to his sublimest harmonies, is the lifelike presentation of the drama, which made of an otherwise not precisely eminent poet a soul-seer. Bouilly's poem, of moderate effect in a mediocre musical setting, revealed its meaning only in the moment when Beethoven proclaimed in tones what words fail to convey.

The groundwork of the action is extremely simple. A nobleman, Florestan, had been privily thrown into prison by his powerful rival, Pizarro, because he proposed to disclose the latter's crimes to the Minister. Pizarro, deceiving the Minister by a tale of Florestan's demise, had himself appointed Governor of the prison in which Florestan languished. But the keen instinct of Florestan's wife succeeds in discovering the hidden dungeon. Clad as a youth, she wins the confidence of the honest, faithful turnkey, Rocco, and thus finally succeeds in penetrating, as his helper, to the lowermost of the secret cells, where Florestan is held captive. But the Governor, warned by a friend of a sudden visit of inspection by the Minister, who has grown suspicious, designs to kill Florestan with Rocco's aid before the Minister's arrival; and, when Rocco refuses to be his tool, decides to stab the weakened, helpless prisoner himself. But Leonore, who, as Rocco's assistant, had been forced to dig the grave destined for Florestan in the cell, rushes at the tyrant with the cry, "First kill his wife!" and when he makes to stab her also, points a pistol at him. At this instant of intensest suspense the watchman posted on the tower by the Governor heralds the Minister's approach by a fanfare on his trumpet. Now Florestan and Leonore are saved, for the humane turnkey Rocco, whose heart had long before been won by the supposed youth, is moved by Leonore's self-sacrifice to take her part. The Minister learns the truth, sets at liberty his friend Florestan and his spouse, and gives orders for the punishment of Pizarro, who is thrown into Florestan's dungeon until the King shall pass judgment on him. With this principal action, a little secondary plot is interwoven; Leonore, under her masculine name of Fidelio, had awakened the love of the turnkey's daughter Marzelline; but she is satisfied,

after all, to marry the doorkeeper Jaquino, her admirer for a long while.

In its quite direct development this action, just because of its simplicity, is an uncommonly happy subject for an opera, whose effect is not nullified by the intervention—more or less as a *deus ex machina*—of the Minister. His coming is well motivated and is not felt as unexpected, though of course at the moment when the fanfare sounds the unsuspecting onlooker is not thinking of him. But through this very fact the intensest dramatic effect is obtained, and the instant when Leonore, pistol in hand, rushes towards the Governor, while the famous fanfare resounds without, is one of the most powerful scenes that musico-dramatic literature has ever produced. Contrasted with Gluck's Alceste (who, to rescue her spouse, braves the terrors of Orcus), Leonore's deed is truer to life and of far greater effect, "more modern," so to say, because the frightfulness of Hades does not affect us, whereas Florestan's sombre subterranean dungeon moves us to deepest sympathy.

Beethoven—as he said even on his deathbed—cared to compose only such opera-texts as that of Cherubini's "Watercarriers" or Spontini's "Vestalin," that is, subjects of an elevated and morally wholesome type; and so this drama, akin to the "Watercarriers," but far surpassing it in loftiness of motive, was bound to impress him powerfully. And Beethoven was not so unfamiliar with the theatre as is generally believed. In Bonn he already held the post of theatre-accompanist on the "cembalo," and even assisted at the rehearsal of two works by Gluck; later, in Vienna (1793–1802), he was a pupil in vocal composition of Antonio Salieri (1750–1825), of whom Gluck had said that he was the only one who had learned from him; therefore it is not improbable that Beethoven was also influenced—at least indirectly—by Gluck, more especially as the Cherubini-Spontini school deriving from Gluck was so congenial to him. Besides, Beethoven frequently attended the operatic performances at Vienna.

Beethoven's ballet "Prometheus" (*Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*; Vienna, 1801) was probably the immediate cause that led the theatrical expert Schikaneder to make Beethoven the proposition that he should compose an opera; and there is no doubt, that the composition of that work was a good preliminary study for Beethoven the dramatist.

Fortunately, the literary adaptation of the subject-matter was not the work of Schikaneder, but of his successor, Joseph Sonnleithner (1766–1835), from 1804 Court Theatre Secretary

in Vienna, a man well versed in letters and music. Sonnleithner substantially only translated the Bouilly libretto into very acceptable, singable verses, without on the whole making too many changes. To be sure, his division into three acts was unfavorable, Bouilly's version having but two (and Beethoven's opera finally conformed to this latter). The first act ended with the trio "Gut, Söhnchen, gut"; the second act began with the march and closed with the scene in which Pizarro admonishes his soldiers to be watchful; the third act corresponded with the definitive second act, beginning in the prison, but ending without a change of scene, the dénouement being brought about in the prison itself. It is apparent that the later conclusion with three scenes—courtyard, prison-cell, and terrace of the castle—is preferable, if only for the reason that the bright colors of the jubilant castle-music are out of place in the gloomy dungeon. The exposition, too, in its cheery, ballad-opera style, is at present (as in 1804) transferred from the sombre prisonyard in which Bouilly lays the scene into a homelike middle-class interior.

Beethoven eagerly set to work on the composition; his sketches for the opera, though only half of them are extant, fill 346 16-line music-sheets¹; by the Spring of 1805 he had outlined the greater part of the work. How carefully the Master proceeded is shown by the circumstance, that he sketched Leonore's aria "Komm, Hoffnung" no fewer than eighteen times, and similarly the beginning of the Florestan aria "In des Lebens Frühlingstagen," and that he was continually rewriting the choral finale. Any one who would make a study of Beethoven's way of working—so different from Mozart's!—must have recourse to this sketch-book, which affords invaluable insight into Beethoven's workshop, and compare it with Dr. Erich Prieger's edition of the opera "Leonore" after the original text (Breitkopf & Härtel, 1905).—As a supplement to this latter the same firm has published separately the original version (in C major) of Marzelline's aria "O wär' ich schon mit dir vereint."

Beethoven is the sole great composer to leave sketches so extensive in scope to posterity. In contrast with Mozart, he worked slowly and painfully. His thoughts, thrown out like volcanic eruptions, had to be turned again and again before taking on their definitive shape. Their first form is sometimes such, that one can hardly conceive how a master of Beethoven's rank could invent anything so primitive. As the admirable editor of

¹*Cf.* G. Nottebohm's publication, "Zweite Beethoveniana" (1887), a sketch-book dating from 1804.

Beethoven's sketch-books, G. Nottebohm, observes, the ways of Beethoven the creator are a mystery to us. This mystery, however we approach it, lies in the wrestling of the Master with his *dæmon*, in his struggle with his genius. The *dæmon*, indeed, once dwelt in the sketch-books, but he has vanished. The mind that dictated the work does not appear in the sketches; they do not reveal the law to which Beethoven yielded himself in his creative mood. They can afford no conception of the Idea, which is made manifest only in the art-work itself. We perceive only disconnected details, not the entire process of creation. The organic development of the art-work is not to be learned from the sketches. Hence, these sketches can contribute neither to our understanding of nor to our delight in the art-work, and yet they are surpassingly eloquent, would we comprehend Beethoven the artist. For the sketches tell us something that the finished art-work withholds—must withhold, in fact, to present itself as a perfect work of art. We shall, therefore, be obliged to bring forward the sketches when the turning-point of the drama is reached.

In its original form the opera "Leonore" (or—as it was called by the theatre management, contrary to Beethoven's wishes, in order to avoid confounding it with Paër's opera—"Fidelio, oder die eheliche Liebe") was brought out in the Schauspielhaus an der Wien on Nov. 20, 1805. In consequence of unfavorable political and artistic conditions, its success was slight; only two repetitions followed. The French had just occupied Vienna, so that the audience was composed in its majority of French officers; and Beethoven, who conducted the performance (he was not a good conductor), was sadly exasperated by the orchestra. Even a Leonore as eminent vocally—though histrionically ungifted—as Anna Milder-Hauptmann could not save the work, which disappeared after a few performances. Mozart's brother-in-law, the basso Sebastian Meyer, a remarkably fine Sarastro, sang the rôle of Pizarro, and complained—not without reason—that Beethoven had treated the voice-parts with so little consideration, and had learned nothing from Mozart in this particular. According to Schindler's report, Beethoven, in order to throw Meyer out, had intentionally written a passage in Pizarro's aria—to be found only in the original version—in such a manner that it was almost impossible for the vocalist to sing it correctly because of the chromatic suspensions in the accompaniment. However, Beethoven had this passage, ostensibly altered for one particular singer, printed as altered; so it is likely—and this is characteristic of him

as a dramatist—that he considered the passage essential for the characterization of the inflexible Pizarro. It was stricken out only when the act-close was changed.

At all events it is certain that "Leonore" was received with little enthusiasm by contemporaries. Apart from many an unintelligent criticism, due to the astonishing newness of inspired flights, the reproach of excessive length and superfluous text-repetitions, besides the awkward leading of the vocal parts, was evidently well founded, for Beethoven, heeding the counsel of well-intentioned friends, was soon forced to decide on making far-reaching alterations in these particulars. After Dr. Prieger had rediscovered the long lost original version, the Berlin Opera House brought out "Leonore" on Nov. 20, 1805, in the form and on the centenary of its first production. The work was given in three acts. The first begins with Marzelline's aria, "O wär' ich schon mit dir vereint," which occupies second place in "Fidelio"; then comes the cheery duet, "Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein," with which the later "Fidelio" begins. The third number, an insignificant trio between Marzelline, Jaquino and Rocco, was expunged by Beethoven himself. The famous quartet, "Mir ist so wunderbar," Rocco's aria, "Hat man nicht auch Gold daneben," and the trio, "Gut, Söhnchen, gut," are the remaining constituent parts of the first act, which—and most opportunely—does not yet lead into the dramatic conflict proper, but forms a sort of introduction in comedy-opera style, with nearly exclusive bearing on the secondary plot. The principal action opens only with the second act; it commences with the march of the prisoners, brings in Pizarro's aria with chorus (in a different version), the duet in which Pizarro persuades Rocco, and thereafter a dramatically and psychologically impossible duet between Marzelline and Leonore (Marzelline rhapsodizes of her future wedded bliss with Fidelio!), later excised by Beethoven. Leonore's great aria, that now begins with the recitative "Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?" had a different beginning, and ended with excessively difficult coloratura passages. Entirely dissimilar is the arrangement of the finale, in which the above-mentioned unsingable passage for Pizarro was found. A grand aria for Pizarro, with chorus, forms the act-close. The third act, which plays throughout in the dungeon, introduces Florestan's aria in a decidedly different form; after the A-major Adagio there follows, instead of the Allegro close of such extreme difficulty for the singer, a tranquil F-minor lyric, "Ach, es waren schöne Tage." Of importance, too, is the recitative preceding the duet "O namenlose Freude," with its expressive

solo oboe. Finally, in this revival (as emphasized in the reports) the solemn ensemble, "Gott, welch ein Augenblick," was regarded as a conception of loftiest artistic inspiration (the melody, originally set to the words "Da stiegen die Menschen ans Licht," was transferred by Beethoven from a youthful work composed in Bonn, the funeral cantata for Joseph II, written in 1790). Generally speaking, the impressions persisting after the revival of "Leonore" in the original form may be summarized as follows: The earlier version can not, of course, supersede the definitive one, but may well maintain itself beside the latter. In the majority of details we must award the preference to Beethoven's latest revision; on the other hand, the Master unhappily relinquished certain beauties found in "Leonore," which we regretfully miss in "Fidelio." Among these we note, above all, the close of the Florestan aria, the moving recitative before the duet of the spouses, and the slow movement in the closing chorus—wonderful beauties which arouse more than an historical interest. In style, "Leonore" is indubitably more homogeneous than the latest version, which bears the impress of Beethoven's several stylistic periods.

The ill success of the first production caused some of Beethoven's friends familiar with matters theatrical to induce him to make sweeping excisions. A memorable conference, lasting from 7 o'clock in the evening till 2 the next morning, was held at the palace of Prince Lichnowsky, whose lady took charge of the piano-part; and now began a mighty struggle with the Master, concerning which the tenor singer Röckel (the father of Richard Wagner's friend) gives a detailed account. The poet Collin (author of "Coriolanus," to which Beethoven wrote the celebrated overture) and Breuning represented the dramaturgic side, and Röckel and the basso Meyer the vocal. Beethoven defended every measure with lion-like intrepidity, the upshot being that whole numbers had to be cut. But when Meyer launched a special attack upon the Pizarro aria (as preserved in the original version), saying that no one could sing it with effect, Beethoven lost his temper. Finally he promised to compose a new aria for Pizarro (this is the one now marked No. 7 in "Fidelio"), and the Prince at last succeeded in persuading Beethoven to consent to the "tentative" omission of the discarded numbers at the new performance of the opera. On this occasion the rôle of Florestan was assigned to Röckel. All that Röckel, who was then still in possession of the now untraceable manuscript (in Beethoven's own handwriting) of the voice-part, otherwise relates about

alterations, does not agree with the other accounts handed down to us, as Otto Jahn has pointed out. Those desirous of studying "Leonore" in its *second* form are referred to Jahn's arrangement published by Breitkopf in 1852, with which, however, they should compare Prieger's arrangement of the *first* version, published half a century later.

One point is beyond dispute: However excellent, *dramatically*, the advice given Beethoven at Lichnowsky's may have been, violence was done him *musically* in some cases, and the cuts were of such a nature that another, more careful reconstruction of the work was needed. In the second version, concerning whose abbreviations, as compared with the first, we need not go into further details (for this second version is a mere phase in the transition to the definitive form), the work reappeared as "Fidelio," but in two acts, on March 29, 1806, and experienced four repetitions. This time the production—a very mediocre one, withal—took place with great success before a select audience, and criticism spoke well of it, besides. Only the overture—this time it was the celebrated Third—proved to be a stumbling-block; there were complaints of "incessant dissonances," "overmultiplied buzzing of the violins"; and it was called a work of artifice rather than of true art.

In this connection a word must be said with regard to the complicated relations of the several versions. Nowadays we name the work, in its first and second versions, "Leonore"; for us, "Fidelio" is the title of the definitive form (of 1814). We call the E-major overture (the one written last) the "Fidelio" overture; the "Leonore" overtures are the three that Beethoven wrote for the two earlier versions. How there came to be three of them, we shall now explain.

The overture played at the première in 1805 is the one known at present as "Leonore Overture No. 2." It was characterized as too diffuse, and too difficult for the wind-instruments, and Beethoven therefore replaced it by the so-called "Third Leonore Overture," which was played at the revival of the work in the year 1806. In reality this overture is only a working-over of the earlier one; themes and arrangements are identical, but the working-out and modulatory design are different. It is remarkable, merely as a matter of construction, that in the "second" overture Beethoven required no fewer than 355 measures for developing his musical train of thought as far as the famous trumpet fanfare, but only 234 in the "third." None the less, the "second," as heard occasionally in concert-halls, possesses certain advantages;

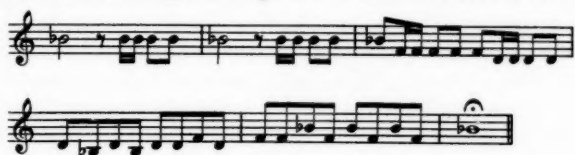
it is, perhaps, more directly emotional, whereas the later overture is more masterfully "elaborated." Of peculiar interest is the transformation which the trumpet signal¹, representing the turning-point of the drama, underwent. In the "second" Leonore overture it reads:



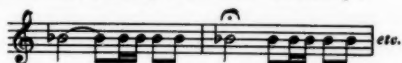
But in the prison-scene in the first version of the opera it appears in the following form:



It is most familiar as given in the "third" Leonore overture:



where its construction conforms to that of the prison-scene in the score of the second version of the opera. The beginning of the fanfare in the prison-scene of the last "Fidelio" version (without slurs in the second measure!) reads differently:



In the "second" overture Beethoven inserted a reminiscence of the Allegro theme between the two trumpet-calls. Then, after the second fanfare, came a suggestion of the Florestan aria, followed quite abruptly by the famous passage for the violins, which later ushered in the Presto.

In the "great" (third) overture all this is changed. Here Beethoven reaches directly into the drama itself, taking therefrom

¹Originally it was not written with bars, but these were introduced later by Beethoven. It is a military signal, and therefore not to be played "feelingly"!

the orchestral theme that sounds to the theme "Ach, du bist gerettet" (Ah, thou art saved!), thus taking over what might be called the "theme of salvation" into the orchestra. It is just this intensely emotional episode which wins such high favor for the Leonore Overture No. 3. Richard Wagner, in particular, held this "marvelous" overture in high regard: "far from furnishing a mere musical introduction to the drama, in itself it presents this drama more completely and movingly than we find it in the ensuing disjointed stage action. This work is not simply an overture, but in itself a most powerful drama."

The fundamental idea of the overture may well be symbolized by the sentence "through dark to dawn" (*per aspera ad astra*). In the introduction we distinctly hear the sighing of the imprisoned Florestan in the strains of the theme of his aria. But Love, mounting strong and full of hope, knocks at his dungeon and rushes vehemently (Allegro) into action. It is Leonore herself, the noble woman (second theme in E major), who comes to the rescue. Despite all hindrances she penetrates into the prison, offers battle to the monster himself—then, at the moment when need is highest, God is highest; the signal of deliverance heralds the advent of the rescuer. Profoundly affected, all harken to the call, that resounds once again. A repetition of the principal theme—in a purely symphonic sense—finally leads into exultant rejoicing; the victory of Goodness over Evil is complete, and an imposing pæan of liberation closes the mighty composition.

Contrasted with this "third" overture and its no less distinguished sister, the "second," the other two overtures are in a difficult position. The so-called "first"—nominally Op. 138, but this number was arbitrarily chosen after Beethoven's death—was not written until 1807, especially for the Prague theatre, for which the two preceding overtures were impracticable. This overture, not generally known before the composer's decease, and misnamed the "first," has nothing in common with the two other Leonore overtures but the theme of the Florestan aria. This rather insignificant overture is never played before the opera, and only occasionally in the concert-hall, and possesses no features calling for special observations. Of greater importance is the so-called "Fidelio" overture (in E major), which Beethoven, without thematic borrowing from the opera, wrote in 1814 for the definitive version of the work. Historically considered, this overture is a step backward, for it retreats from the advanced positions won by Gluck's "Iphigénie" overture and Mozart's "Don Giovanni" overture, which the two great overtures (Nos. 2 and 3) maintain.

However, in its light-hearted insouciance it is in so far a better introduction to the opera than the imposing "third" Leonore overture, as it does not anticipate—and thus weaken—the most telling stage-effects, but simply prepares the hearers for the ingenuous comedy-opera scenes of the first act. Only as from afar off does it intimate, in a lovely adagio theme, aught of stern or tragic import. So nowadays we are accustomed to playing this overture regularly on beginning the opera, and have given up substituting the third Leonore overture for it. But even in the theatre the public does not like to forgo the hearing of this masterwork, and therefore strange expedients have been sought. Otto Nicolai, the composer of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," first employed the third Leonore overture as an interlude between the two acts of "Fidelio"—which is even more ruinous to the effect. Furthermore, when this is done, the jubilant close of the overture stands in impossible contrast to the following gloomy prison-scene. Hans von Bülow later played the overture as an epilogue after the opera, advancing as his reason for so doing Wagner's declaration that this overture is no "overture" at all, but an ideal summing-up of the opera—a somewhat doctrinaire justification. Finally, beginning as early as the 'fifties, and again more recently under Mahler and Mottl in Vienna and Munich, the overture has been played to accompany the change of scene between the two divisions of the second act—the change from the dungeon to the castle-terrace. This solution—unless we prefer to limit the Leonore overture exclusively to the concert-hall—is evidently by far the best. In this way neither the effect of the drama is anticipated nor, after the action is finished, is the entire drama symphonically presented for the second time. Thus, before the drama itself reaches the dénouement, our attention is concentrated on its principal features, and through the jubilant close we are adequately prepared for the final outcome. From the side of stage-mechanics, too, this placing of the overture is much to be recommended on account of the shifting of the scenes.

Beethoven's opera in its second—hardly acceptable—version would have been done for and forgotten, had it not been resuscitated in 1814 by an exceptional event. Three "governors" of the Court Opera were to have a benefit-performance, for which the selection of the work was left to them, but with the proviso that no extra expense should be incurred. Beethoven's opera again came to mind, and the Master declared himself willing to furnish the material if he were permitted to make a thorough-going revision. As collaborator he secured his friend Friedrich

Treitschke, who, as an opera-poet and stage-manager, was the right man to remodel Sonnleithner's book, with the author's permission. Treitschke was the first to conceive the happy idea of transferring the prison-scene into the open air. Further, according to his own account, Treitschke made the following changes. The scene of the entire first act was set in the courtyard (this for the second time, for such was Bouilly's original direction); the duet, which has a livelier effect as opening number, was placed at the beginning, and Marzeline's aria in second place; Leonore's grand aria was reconstructed; and, finally, Treitschke agreed with Beethoven upon another act-close—the return of the prisoners at Pizarro's command and their plaint on reincarceration.

The second act (so Treitschke relates) presented a great difficulty at the very outset. Beethoven, for his part, desired to signalize poor Florestan by an aria, while I raised the objection that a man who was almost starved to death could not possibly sing *bravura*. We tried one thing after another; at last, in his opinion, I hit the nail on the head. I wrote some lines descriptive of the final upflaming of life before extinguishment: "Und spür' ich nicht linde, sanft säuselnde Lüfte," etc. No sooner was the aria written than I handed it to Beethoven. He read it, paced up and down the room, mumbled and hummed as was his wont, instead of singing, and then tore the fortepiano open. He laid the text before him and began wonderful phantasies which, alas! no magic art could hold fast. Out of them he appeared to conjure up the motif of the aria. Hours slipped by, but Beethoven went on improvising. The evening meal, which he was to enjoy with us, was put on table—he paid no attention to it. It was late when he embraced me, left his supper in the lurch, and hastened home. Next day the admirable piece was finished.

Nearly all the other changes in the second act were confined to abbreviations and réversifications. The quartet "Er sterbe!" was interrupted at Treitschke's instance by a brief pause during which Jaquino together with others announces the arrival of the Minister and prevents the consummation of the murder by calling Pizarro away. After the succeeding duet Rocco conducted Florestan and Leonore to an audience with the Minister. (The original stage-directions, just before the duet, read thus: Pizarro rushes off, Rocco after him, Leonore tries to hold him back, he wrenches the pistol from her, with a cry she falls in a faint.) Leonore then gradually rallies in a recitative preceding the duet, and Rocco explains and justifies his behavior at the very end of the work. Beethoven wrote to Treitschke that he had read his emendations with great pleasure, and had been influenced thereby "to restore the ruins of an old castle." But he speedily found "this whole affair of the opera the most laborious imaginable. I am dissatisfied

with the greater part of it, and there is hardly a single number in which I should not have to patch up my present dissatisfaction with some little satisfaction. But there is a vast difference between a case like this and the ability to abandon oneself to free meditation or inspiration."

On the 23rd of May, 1814, the première of the definitive "Fidelio" (Beethoven himself had now accepted this appellation) took place with great applause, the Master conducting in person. As the new E-major overture was not ready in time, the Prometheus overture was played. The E-major overture did not assume its place until after the second performance.

From this date onward, "Fidelio" found its way not only into the German opera-repertory, but soon into that of foreign theatres also, more especially after the gifted Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient (1804-1860, daughter of Friedrich Schroeder, the creator of Don Giovanni in German) had, in the truest sense of the term, *created* the rôle of Leonore (November, 1822), which up to that time had merely been sung, but not convincingly impersonated. Among the audience sat Beethoven, whose sparkling eyes, shining from out the cloak wherein he had wrapped himself, followed the singer unswervingly from his seat just behind the conductor, his gaze fairly fascinating her.

Although unable to hear a single note, his enthusiasm was so aroused by her acting that he promised to write a new opera especially for her. Beethoven did not keep his promise, but another came and wrote operas especially for the wonderful cancantrix—Richard Wagner. What an important influence the impersonation of Leonore by the Schroeder-Devrient had upon Wagner and his creations, could already be gathered from the enthusiastic description of her performance found in Wagner's fanciful tale, "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven": "This singer seemed to have wedded herself in early youth to the genius of Beethoven. How glowingly, how poetically, with what profound effect, did she present this extraordinary woman! She has won the glory of revealing Beethoven's work to the German public. . . . For my own part, heaven was opened wide; I was transfigured, and worshipped the genius who had led me—like Florestan—out of darkness and fetters into daylight and freedom." Even more significant is the description in Wagner's great autobiography, "Mein Leben."

A marvel suddenly gave my artistic emotionality a new impulse, decisive for my entire life. This was a short 'starring' season of Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient, then¹ at the zenith of her artistic career—

¹He is speaking of the period shortly after Beethoven's death.

youthful, beautiful and ardent as no other woman I have since seen on the stage. She appeared in 'Fidelio.' When I look back on my whole life, I find scarcely any event which, as regards its effect on myself, can be compared with this. Whoever bears a memory of this wonderful woman at this period of her life, must in some wise be able to testify to the well-nigh demonic glow wherewith the creative feats of this incomparable artist infallibly inundated him, so full of human ecstasy were they. After the performance I wrote a brief letter informing the great artist in so many words that to-day my life had taken on its true meaning, and that, should she sometime hear my name mentioned with applause in the world of art, she should remember that she had made me, on this evening, what I herewith vow to become. . . . When I came to Dresden in the year 1842, to make my début with Rienzi, and was a frequent visitor at the house of the kindly disposed artist, she surprised me one day by an exact recitation of my letter, which seemed to have made an impression on her, as she had actually preserved it.

Thus were woven the threads connecting Beethoven's "Fidelio" with the art of Richard Wagner. There are, in particular, two factors whose impulsion, above and beyond Mozart into the future of the romantic opera, were manifested with peculiar force in the interpretations of the Schroeder-Devrient; one of these factors concerns the singers, the other the orchestra. Beethoven was, above all, an instrumental composer and pianist, and, when carried away by the lofty flight of his imagination, could never rightly comprehend—as is proved by all his vocal works—that the human voice is no instrument, but a frail, tender organ, which ought to be treated with wise consideration and constant attention, as Mozart did. Beethoven's friend Schindler confirms this fact: "The habit of abandoning himself wholly to the impulse of his inspiration, limited solely by the laws of harmony and rhythm, and his knowledge of the nature of instruments—this habit, combined with his inability to produce a good tone himself, allows us to conjecture what struggles Beethoven must perforce have had with himself while composing this opera-score."

From conversations of Schindler with Cherubini we know that the latter, after hearing "Fidelio," lamented the fact that Beethoven had till then paid far too little attention to the study of vocal art, this being no fault of Beethoven's teacher, Salieri, for he himself had told Cherubini how he had fared with the self-willed Beethoven. For this reason Cherubini, who was ten years older than Beethoven, kindly presented him with a copy of the Singing Method of the Paris Conservatory, advising him to study it. So it had a place in Beethoven's library, but—according to Schindler's testimony—the Master never used it. "What could it have been (observes Schindler) that caused the singers

to complain and brought about vexatious conflicts? Beethoven's obstinate contention that what he had written was good and singable—that was the stumbling-block which neither diffident representations nor diplomatic negotiations had power to remove. Mme. Milder-Hauptmann related, among other matters, that she too had been hard put to it to maintain her ground against the Master, chiefly with regard to the awkward, unsingable passages in the Adagio of the aria in E major, so unsuited to her voice—and all without avail until in 1814 she declared positively that she would never again sing the aria in that form on the stage. That helped."

We of to-day may be grateful to the Milder-Hauptmann for having rid the part of Leonore of those wholly unmeaning, purely instrumental passages which Beethoven originally wrote, and against which Milder-Hauptmann protested. Even in the Adagio of the aria "Komm', Hoffnung" there were difficult roulades. But in "Fidelio" the main requisite was not, as formerly, "charming song," but ecstatically intensified expression, and here the Schroeder-Devrient was doubtless in her element. However, her style—especially under the influence of the similarly designed Wagner rôles, which likewise did violence to the voice in some cases—was misapprehended, and thus it came that Alfred von Wolzogen, biographer of the Schroeder-Devrient, could rightly observe:

The very fact that our present-day prima donnas can refer to such apostles as the Schroeder-Devrient in support of their much-applauded aberrations, is certainly most unfortunate; and the eternally immutable demand of good taste and a wholesome love of art that in the opera one ought, above all else, to hear *singing*, breaks powerless against the craze that has seized on the whole world. . . . The chief virtue of her singing resided in the intimate, soulfelt interpretation of the composition; the more delicate its texture, the more did one have to admire the resourcefulness wherewith she could set everything in its proper light.

Thus the Schroeder-Devrient stood on the grand divide between Beethoven and Wagner; a product of the old opera, she strove toward new ideals, but, misunderstood in her unwonted endeavor, she became the victim of an exaggerated imitation—precisely like Wagner, who himself in certain respects exaggerated the precedent set by Beethoven for the treatment of the orchestra and the relation between singer and orchestra.

The orchestral resources employed by Beethoven in "Fidelio" do not, in general, very greatly surpass those of Mozart in "Don Giovanni." The manner of bringing on the instruments exhibits

sagacious precaution. Thus, in the first five numbers of the score, Beethoven contents himself with the strings, the usual woodwind, and two horns. The trumpets, kettledrums and double-bassoon are not introduced until No. 6, the March of the Guards, infused with the sombre shades of the prison. On the other hand, in Leonore's grand aria (No. 9), Beethoven uses only three horns. Kettledrums and brass do not reëmerge before the Finale. Beethoven subjected himself to special restrictions with regard to the trombones, of which he employed but two—tenor and bass; he calls upon them solely for peculiarly blood-curdling effects, not for reinforcing the noise of a Tutti. All the more portentous is their occasional entrance during the duet between Rocco and Pizarro, and also in the Finale. For the rest, while Beethoven's orchestra is very similar to Mozart's in combination, it is entirely dissimilar in its employment; Beethoven's artistry in thematic work, most loftily developed in his symphonies, is shown here too in an interweaving of motives unknown in the earlier opera. He was the first to bring forward the orchestra as a coördinate factor, not merely as a subordinate accompaniment to the predominant singers. While this was a distinct advance at that time, it was fraught with peril for the future of the opera, for one step further, and the orchestra had proclaimed itself an autocrat.

The difference between Mozart's and Beethoven's treatment of the orchestra is exceptionally evident in the opening number, the seemingly so artless duet sung by the turnkey's daughter Marzelline and her hapless lover Jaquino, discarded for *Fidelio*. Outwardly quite in the Mozart style, it is yet more strongly influenced by Cherubini, whom Beethoven admired exceedingly as a dramatic composer, and from whose "Watercarriers" he even copied passages for his own study. (These passages, in a sketch-book owned by Joachim, are to be found side by side with excerpts from "The Magic Flute" and sketches for "*Fidelio*.") Herein the vocal melody is no longer supreme, but the unpretentious orchestral motive with which the number begins develops into leading control. This theme, representative in a way of Marzelline's feline evasion of her lover's clumsy wooing, bobs up like a kobold in every corner—now among the woodwind and anon among the strings, continually illustrating the action of the duet in delightful fashion. And so this number, otherwise quite in the traditional form, is turned into a comedy scene, to which, however, a most individual character is lent by the highly amusing interruptions (when the gate-keeper has to answer the repeated

knockings at the door). Whereas this first number is devoted in the main to a portrayal of the unfortunate lover Jaquino, the succeeding sentimental aria, something after the style of Mozart, is given up to a characterization of Marzeline who, at first so vivacious, is now grown sentimental. With these may be associated Rocco's aria in praise of "Gold," so aptly illustrating his easy-going, plebeian temperament. None of these numbers foreshadows, in its musical-comedy vein, the depth of the swiftly approaching tragedy. Not until the Quartet-Canon interpolated as No. 3, in which Leonore's voice is first heard in song, does the real tone-drama "Fidelio" begin. In this quartet four totally dissimilar emotions are expressed, through the Master's genius, by a single melody and its contrapuntal opposite. The way in which Beethoven utilized this set form for the expression of so various human feelings, is one of the greatest marvels of dramatic tonal art. Imagine the situation—first of all Leonore: "Wie gross ist die Gefahr, wie schwach der Hoffnung Schein!" and to aggravate her difficulties the distressful infatuation of Marzeline is superadded. But the latter, who fancies that Fidelio returns her affection, is lost in her love-dreams ("Mir ist so wunderbar"). There is Rocco, besides, the good-natured papa, who sees nothing but his daughter's future happiness, and wishes to have her wed Fidelio ("Sie liebt ihn, das ist klar"). And last of all, the discomfited wooer Jaquino, who comically expresses his exasperation: "Mir träubt sich schon das Haar, der Vater willigt ein." When the four singers know how to fit the expression of their various emotions to the plastic melody of the canon, this number becomes one of the most thrilling and beautiful of the whole opera—indeed, it furnishes a key to all that follows, for in it Leonore's soul-life is discovered for the first time. The succeeding "Gold" aria of Rocco is the last cheerful gleam in the work, whose interpretation, moreover, may easily be too tragic. For it belongs to the class of semi-serious opera (termed by the Italians *opera semiseria*), and Beethoven, the great humorist, well knew what he was about when, like Shakespeare, he set the sublime and tragic in dramatic contrast over against the humdrum existence of the commonalty. Lilli Lehmann, one of the best interpreters of Leonore, rightly observes, in her admirable "Studie zu Fidelio" (1904):

In any event, humor must nowhere be wanting in 'Fidelio,' excepting in loftily dramatic or tragic scenes. But humor is only too readily confounded, by those who are uneducated, inartistic, or prone to exaggeration, with comicality, and even not infrequently with low comedy, in an endeavor to win over the laughers. This is befitting to none of the

characters in 'Fidelio.' By humor in 'Fidelio' I mean a refined cheeriness, a nonchalance in mood and tone, a friendly, lighthearted raillery such as one may, with all respect, allow oneself with others. All this can be expressed by Rocco with authority, by Leonore with feminine tact, by Marzelline with youthful naïveté, and by Jaquino with very specially delicate nuances at every opportunity that offers; and thereby, with the most natural means, a variety will be created whose favorable influence is felt throughout the opera.

The Terzet No. 5, a symphonically treated scene, carries the external and internal action rapidly forward. The same energetic violin-phrase that, at the beginning, characterized Leonore's stout-hearted resolution to descend into the dungeon with Rocco, is thematically repeated at Leonore's exclamation, powerfully supported by the wind-instruments: "Ich habe Mut!" A glowing melody by Marzelline and a rotund theme by Rocco follow after, and the first part of the drama ends, quite conventionally, with an expression of general happiness. Now there suddenly enters an unexpected modulation with Rocco's words, "Der Gouverneur"; a new difficulty starts up, for without Pizarro's permission Rocco may not even take his future son-in-law into the dungeon with him. Thus Leonore, within sight of the goal, is again at the mercy of her husband's deadly enemy. Her despairful voice now takes the lead in the midst of the number, which ends—more's the pity!—quite conventionally with an Allegro ("Nur auf der Hut, dann geht es gut").

Here, where the first act ended in the original version, a dividing-line is distinctly apparent. The exposition of the drama (exclusive of the characters of Pizarro and Florestan) is finished; the introductory comedy of everyday life is done, the really tragic action begins. If a change of scene now takes place, this is shown still more convincingly. Henceforward Leonore, Pizarro and Florestan are the principals, Rocco shrinks in importance, and both Marzelline and Jaquino retire into the background as subordinate characters. However, even for these last rôles, Lilli Lehmann properly demands first-class interpreters! "One does not act and sing any opera alone; all the performers share in the work, and it is their duty to do their parts and the work full justice, down to the least detail." Hence it is also of high importance that the spoken dialogue, in which the most significant matters are conveyed, should be managed with peculiar care. The abuse of half-learning the dialogue and repeating it after the prompter as best one may, must necessarily exercise a disturbing effect on the general presentation of such a masterwork as "Fidelio." The interpreters of the lesser rôles must realize to

the full what their words, accents, attitudes and gestures signify for their co-actors. Leonore, as Lilli Lehmann remarks, has to lay strong emphasis on her prose. "But how absurd such emphasis seems when nothing at all has gone before to justify these bursts of emotion, or when Leonore is obliged to subdue her outbursts to such a degree that they pass over quite without effect." To carry oneself at the right time as a principal, or, as the case may be, a subordinate character, is the great, or rather the greatest art on the stage, and assuredly in real life as well.

After a peculiar processional march of the guards, apparently beginning with a weak beat on the dominant, the Governor, Pizarro, makes his appearance. A letter from a friend warns him of the Minister's visit of inspection, and in an aria (No. 7), which admittedly is quite in the style of the theatre-villains of early Italian opera, he announces his determination to make away with Florestan without delay. The subdued Chorus of Guards ("Er spricht von Tod und Wunden"), however textually nonsensical, can make a most weirdly thrilling effect if properly handled. Pizarro makes his arrangements (in the dialogue), laying stress on his order—in general terms—that a "signal" is to be given instantly when the Minister's equipage is sighted. This is in preparation for the celebrated trumpet fanfare in the next act. Of equal importance with these external measures for Pizarro is his security within. Therefore, in a duet (No. 8), a superb scene, he seeks to win over Rocco by means of gold and persuasive words. What sinister effect characterizes the word "Morden!" and the dagger-thrust, supported by the trombones: "Ein Stoss, und er verstummt!"

Rocco, wholly the subaltern employee, while promising his assistance in doing away with the "evil-disposed subject," protests that it is not his duty to do the killing himself. So Rocco is only to dig the grave; Pizarro will carry out the murder. Rocco quiets his conscience with the reflection that death will bring release to the half-starved prisoner.

The next-following scene of Leonore, the recitative and aria No. 9 ("Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?"), is a powerful solo number revealing Leonore's masterful character. Originally an *aria di bravura*, in its present form it is a complete emotional exposition of the drama. Indeed (as Kufferath expresses himself in his excellent French study of "Fidelio"), it contains "the entire drama in epitome" (*tout le drame en raccourci*). This is the more astonishing, because the piece follows, in its form, the model of the classic aria throughout, Beethoven's genius

employing this form here for the expression of a mighty spiritual conflict. This number makes enormous demands on breath-control, connected musical phrasing, and a wise apportionment of energy. One is inclined to agree with Lilli Lehmann that Beethoven instrumented the close of the aria too thinly; but whether or how this should be reinforced, with due respect, is a question.

The remarkably dramatic finale consists of four chief divisions; first, a prisoners' chorus, joyously welcoming the sunlight; then the scene between Rocco and Leonore, who learns that she will be permitted to descend into the dungeon that very day. Most admirable is the contrast here between Leonore's momentary outbreak of joy in her hope of seeing Florestan again, and her reception of the terrible tale of his fate. How portentous the thrill of the solemnly harmonized trombones—their first entrance!—at the words: "Wir beide graben nur sein Grab." There follows an affecting *Andante con moto* in E major, whose tone-color is determined by clarinets and bassoons, with flutes and oboes sighing above; here the emotions of Leonore and Rocco, confronted with this fearful task, find expression. The next two scenes, preparing and bringing about Pizarro's reappearance, lead into the Finale proper; at Pizarro's command the prisoners are again driven into their cells, Rocco and Leonore prepare to go down to the dungeon, Pizarro admonishes Rocco to make haste, and Marzelline and Jaquino participate (for musical reasons) by a demonstration of their feelings in the ensemble, which, after the prisoners have retired, dies away softly to an extreme *pianissimo*—an impressive preparation for the next act.

The instrumental number which opens the second act and suggests the despairful gloom of the dungeon, is one of Beethoven's most marvellous inspirations; the "dread silence," broken only by sighing and trembling, is a vision of genius realized. The true Beethoven (imitated later by Wagner in the "Ring" for characterizing the "Neidhöhle") is shown in the employment of the kettle-drums with the interval of a diminished fifth (A-E \flat), which lends a weird tinge to the harmonic color. Now, introduced by a recitative, follows immediately the aria of Florestan, "In des Lebens Frühlingstagen," an especial favorite of Beethoven's, who utilized the theme in all three Leonore overtures. This aria, of extreme difficulty both vocally and histrionically, found an ideal interpreter in Albert Niemann; natural and noble, high-souled and patient, his Florestan, even in fetters, was a hero neither to be debased by imprisonment nor to be broken by affliction. In the Allegro, above which soars the "Angel Leonore," an oboe-part freely led

(the oboe serves Beethoven throughout for characterizing this peerless woman), Niemann rose gigantic to visionary heights (according to Beethoven's directions, "in a transport bordering on delirium, yet outwardly calm"); his tempo grew more and more rapid, until at the close, overcome by his ecstasy, he fell swooning before his pallet.

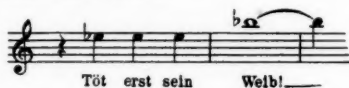
The succeeding melodrama (No. 12), a conversation between Leonore and Rocco, is one of the most affecting scenes of the opera. Here Beethoven's blending of word and tone—which elsewhere in melodrama are often inorganically juxtaposed—is masterly. Precisely the spoken word has, in this case, a singularly naturalistic, sinister effect, while the low-toned commentary of the orchestra bears the scene on its murmurous undercurrent into the sphere of the Ideal. Attention may be called especially to two scenes of rarest dramatic association. The sleeping Florestan makes, in his dream (*poco adagio*) a gesture. Of what is he dreaming? That is told in the orchestra by the figure which, in the foregoing aria, corresponds to "Leonore, die Gattin."

Some measures further on, at Rocco's words "Hier ist die Zisterne, von der ich dir gesagt habe" (namely, that it was destined to be the prisoner's grave), there sounds a motive that corresponds, in the Finale of the first act, to the shuddering of Leonore (shortly after her words "Vielleicht das Grab des Gatten graben, was kann fürchterlicher sein?"); only the instrumentation—in the former instance woodwind, now strings—is changed. The following duet while Rocco and Leonore are digging the grave, acquires its symphonic character from a motive, weirdly borne by the double-bassoon and double-basses, that runs through the entire number.

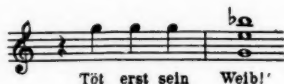
The orchestral coloring is further heightened by the sustained tones of the brazen-voiced trombones, symbolizing in a sort Rocco's stern duty. He, with his monotonous, prosy declamation, is characterized as the sober, businesslike partner in contrast with the soulful melody of the profoundly agitated Leonore. The latter forms the great-hearted resolution to free the captive, *whoever he may be* (all this time she has not been able to recognize Florestan). Only during the following dialogue does Leonore succeed in catching sight of Florestan's face, and surely recognizing him. Her four brief words, "Grosser Gott! Er ist's!" fraught with suppressed anguish, are to be numbered among the most deeply affecting, as well as the most difficult, problems of stage-expression.

The noble Trio (No. 13), in which Florestan gives thanks for the draught, and Leonore persuades Rocco to concede the prisoner

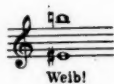
a piece of bread besides, unfortunately has a *stretta* close taken over from the first version, which is not perfectly adapted to the dramatic situation and the expression of the words. Now the Governor arrives, and the action rises (in the Quartet, No. 14) to the height of extreme tragic tension, whereupon the "catastrophe" follows. Pizarro discovers himself to Florestan, who, conscious of his innocence, confronts him with manly dignity. At the instant when Pizarro threatens to fall upon Florestan, dagger in hand, the supposititious Fidelio rushes at the Governor. First degree of the dynamic intensification—a youth, the turnkey's future son-in-law, apparently moved by a generous impulse, seeks to prevent the murder; for the moment neither Pizarro nor Florestan nor Rocco sees anything more. Only after Pizarro, with the exclamation "Wahnsinniger!", has thrust aside the assumed Fidelio, and makes to attack Florestan for the second time, does Leonore throw herself before the latter with the far-famed cry "Töt erst sein Weib!"



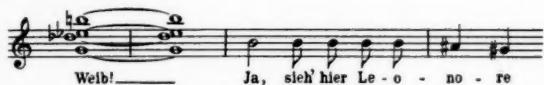
These few words, which Leonore ejaculates during a sudden orchestral pause, are to-day regarded by us as a matter of course, in their apt simplicity. But Beethoven's sketch-books, and his earlier versions of the opera, show that the definitive solution was the result of prolonged experimentation. The very first version was this:



Then Beethoven tried the transition from a mild dissonance on the chord "Weib!"

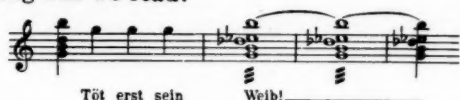


to the sharp dissonance



which resolves, by an enharmonic change, into B minor. Now

he evidently experimented further, trying other resolutions of the chord, at first into G-sharp minor (really A-flat minor), then again into B minor, and also into D minor. In the first and second working-out we read:



and should note the fact that in 1805 and 1806 the note B appears in all parts at the word "Weib!", whereas in the vocal score published in 1810 a B \flat is written.

The quartet grows more and more agitated; Pizarro decides to kill Leonore too, if necessary. Climax of the dramatic tension. Now Leonore draws a pistol from her blouse and aims it at Pizarro: "Noch einen Laut, und du bist tot!" According to Wagner, this "tot" was spoken rather than sung by the Schroeder-Devrient.¹ "This tremendous effect resulted from the singular fright that seized upon me at being suddenly hurled, as it were, by the axe-stroke of the headsman out of the ideal sphere into which the music lifts the most dismayful situations, down on the bare ground of the ghastliest reality. Herein there was given an immediate revelation of the supreme climax of the sublime, which, in my recollection of the sensation, I designate as the moment—swift as a lightning-flash—that illumines two wholly disparate worlds, at the point where they touch and yet are entirely separate, in such wise that for just this moment we can cast a glance into both worlds at once."

Here too Beethoven experimented with the word "tot." In the first sketch he treated it as follows:



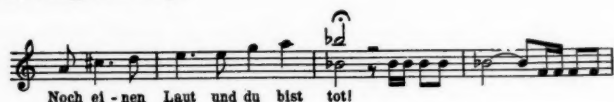
Nottebohm was mistaken in regarding this downward step of a second as the "indifferent" treatment of an "important word." This "indifference" is only apparent, for—as the Schroeder-Devrient has proved—this colorless, almost unmusical delivery of the word can have a far more horrifying *dramatic* effect than

¹The Schroeder-Devrient, according to her own account, happened on this nuance in consequence of a sudden attack of faintness by which she was surprised on the stage. (Cf. von Wolzogen, "Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient," p. 58 *et seq.*)

the more *musically* significant outcry which Beethoven, after trying the downward skip of a third, finally wrote out in the last sketch:



In both the first and second versions of the opera we find the following reading:



But the definitive form reads thus:



This gives Leonore time to draw the pistol during the brief pause. Between the first and second fanfares Beethoven introduced that impressive short movement that has already been mentioned in the discussion of the "Leonore" overtures. After the second fanfare, Jaquino comes down with officers and soldiers; Florestan and Leonore are saved; Pizarro must go to meet the Minister.

A bit of heart-to-heart dialogue, and the ecstatic duet of the reunited pair, "O namenlose Freude," brings the overpowering scene to a wonderful close. What follows is merely an epilogue; the short spoken interlude of Rocco, who returns bearing good tidings, is quite justifiably cut.

The Finale (No. 16), with its mighty mass-jubilation, also contains some passages of more intimate individual charm;—as when the Minister, quite in the spirit of "The Magic Flute" and the Ninth Symphony, sings: "Es sucht der Bruder seine Brüder, und kann er helfen, hilft er gern"; and then that exquisite movement (*Sostenuto assai*) during which Leonore frees her husband from his chains. The textual correspondence with Schiller's lines, "Wer ein holdes Weib errungen, stimm' in unsern Jubel ein," is not accidental; it breathes the same spirit in which "Fidelio" and the last symphony were created.

With what high approval Beethoven regarded his one opera is shown by a remark reported by Schindler to Rochlitz: "This child of his brain had caused him greater anguish in travail than any of the others; therefore he loved it the most, and thought it peculiarly worthy of preservation and utilization for the science of art."

(Translated by Theodore Baker)

PRACTICAL MUSIC AND THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM

By ARTHUR L. MANCHESTER

SUCH consideration as has been given to music as a part of college curricula has been directed chiefly to its theoretical branches.

Harmony, counterpoint, the history of music and, forming the apex of collegiate music study, composition have been given a minor place in college courses with a moiety of credit toward the baccalaureate degree. Practical music, that is to say, performance by means of voice or instrument, has been greatly depreciated or entirely ignored. Yet it is practical music that conforms more closely to true educational ideals. The theoretical study of music supplies a fund of facts about music and, to those who are exceptionally endowed, opens the way for specialization as composers and theorists, but these subjects, as taught in our colleges, do not touch the daily life of the majority of students nor do they prepare the mass of the student body for living. They are practically vocational in trend. On the other hand, practical music, being actual participation of the student in musical re-creation induces activity of those faculties through which the fullest measure of education is secured and preparation for future living is attained. The proper cultivation of practical music develops a quickness of perception, an acuteness of visual and auditory analysis, a rapidity of coördinated action and a keen power of observing and comprehending beauty and symmetry which are educational factors of undeniable value.

The recent remarkable progress of music as a factor in social and cultural life, particularly during the past five years, is too significant to escape notice. Uniting a harmonious activity of mental, spiritual, esthetic and physical attributes music has advanced from the position of a luxurious enjoyment of the few to become the serious pursuit of a multitude. Myriads of people, whose intelligence cannot be denied and for whose interest in it no purely selfish motive can be found, have accepted music as an important adjunct of complete living and testify to its vivifying influence and its power to awaken aspirations cultural, social and religious. Leaders of industrial life have recognized its potentialities and are using it in store and factory as a solvent for discontent and social unrest. These men of business, whose minds view things from the utilitarian

standpoint, have seen in music intensive values that can arouse the worker to experiences hitherto undreamed of. Its rich resources as a form of literature, its power as a mode of human expression and the hold it takes on human nature have impressed those who are working for social uplift with a definite realization of its worth as a means of social development. The significance of this testimony as to the power of music is enhanced by the fact that these witnesses are not professional musicians interested in its development through hope of personal gain but are musically unlearned folk who have been impelled to this belief, in many instances, in spite of early indifference if not decided prejudice. The Great War added to the weight of this testimony. During the vital business of preparing our men for the battle field music was early assigned an important place in their training and, later, at the front.

Nor is this popular manifestation of intense musical activity the only one which should attract attention. It may be said that no subject is so universally taught. In public school, college and university, in hundreds of independent music schools and by hundred thousands of private teachers instruction in music is being given continually. Nor has this instruction failed to strive for improvement of methods. Teachers of music are not content to use methods that even a few years ago were deemed satisfactory. Principles of instruction and interpretation have been subjected to keen analysis and changes of pedagogic emphasis have been so marked in recent years that the musical pedagog of a few decades ago would be bewildered by them. While standards still exhibit too great variation, continuous effort is being made to unify the work of music teaching and the methods in use to-day are far in advance of those of a few years ago. Pedagogic ideals are higher, educational aims are becoming more definite and better articulated.

Despite these manifestations of the vital association of music with the intimate life of the people, this frank acceptance of it by social and industrial leaders and the universality and steadily improved character of its instruction, practical music is denied inclusion in college curricula on a plane with other subjects which do not touch the masses of the people to a fraction of the extent and power of music. Were Latin and Greek to receive a tithe of the popular attention now given to music their prominence in college curricula would increase many fold. Surely herein is a paradox. That a subject of such universal cultivation, whose inspirational power is being unceasingly demonstrated, whose influence upon life is undeniable should be given so little consideration in the preparing of higher educational curricula by those whose minds should be

quick to sense just such values as music is displaying, is surprising. The small measure of recognition given to theoretical music but serves to draw attention to the paradox. If, as Herbert Spencer has said, "the essential question for us is to live completely, and to prepare us for complete living is the function of education," certainly a subject which has so definitely and broadly proved its worth as an element of the complete life as has practical music, should not be treated so indifferently in the making of educational curricula in our colleges. The situation is anomalous and the question naturally arises as to why it exists. Have educators, through indifference or prejudice, failed to perceive the educational qualities which practical music undoubtedly possesses, or is there a possibility that musicians, themselves, are more or less largely responsible for the anomalous position in which practical music finds itself? The modifications that have been made in college courses of study to meet changes of opinion concerning the purpose of college training, indicate the willingness of those who dictate these courses to include subjects which affect the future of students. The decrease of classical requirements with a corresponding increase in scientific and vocational courses and the admission of courses in the fine arts are indicative of the attitude of college authorities. In view of these facts an inquiry into the character of music study as it is generally pursued in college music departments may clear up the situation.

The practice of music, rapidly developing into well defined specialities, each possessing its own peculiar technique and requirements of instruction, attracted a constantly increasing body of students whose entire attention became more and more absorbed by the form in which they were especially interested. This absorption in some particular manifestation of music produced sharply drawn lines of separation and caused formulators of methods of musical instruction to lose sight of two truths which underlie music education equally with other forms, and which must be taken into account by those who would place music where it rightfully belongs in the scheme of public education. First, that to be educationally valuable music must speak a message to the people at large, who must be prepared to understand and appreciate its utterances; and, second, that while there are various forms of musical manifestation they are all branches of the parent trunk, their fruitfulness depending upon the proper cultivation of the stem from which they derive their life; and whether music be viewed from the standpoint of the creator, theorist, performer or pedagogue; whether it be taught in the public school, the college, the university, the conservatory or by private teacher, underlying all instruction are basic educational principles

requiring recognition and logical development; and however divergent the activities of the different exponents of music eventually may become there is a point where their specialization emerges from the parent art.

The failure of musicians to apprehend these truths has constituted the weakness of their educational activities for the past fifty years and still remains a hindrance to the acceptance of music as a factor in higher education. It is the excessive emphasis placed on the vocational aspect of music study, exalting it unduly, which relegates to the background, and obscures, that view which sees in music a close connection with social and national life and opens up a vast field of cultural education in which the people can participate *en masse*. This restriction of the office of music has come to pass despite the fact that history is replete with illustrations of the intimacy existing between it and personal, social and national life in the expression of the deeper feelings of human nature. And this restriction persists even now in spite of the remarkable manifestations of recent times. Dominated by this narrow view, the aim of music teaching has been, and still too generally continues to be, the making of players and singers or the development of composers, and back of the activities of those who determine methods of instruction there yet remains the conviction that peculiar and pronounced talent must settle the advisability of music instruction, those only who are so fortunate as to possess this God-given ability being worthy of serious attention, while for the less fortunate majority, which includes the great body of the people, music must continue to be a sealed book.

This narrowness of outlook and the absence of definite standards of instruction naturally have made themselves felt in music teaching. Specialized forms of study have been thrust upon students almost with the first lesson. Technique has become the *sine qua non* of all effort. The necessity for breadth of culture has been ignored. That courses of study having for their purpose the education of intelligent hearers of music could be formulated and successfully carried out, has scarcely been dreamed of. Music departments of colleges, imitating independent schools of music, have become technical training schools, vocational centers, building specialization on a foundation of sand and giving little, or no, thought to the possibility that a nation of appreciative music lovers in whose lives music is a potent force gradually can be developed through their agency, if they will but open their minds to a comprehension of the true mission of music in the world and the vital part they should play in the establishment of that mission. The result of this lack of vision

upon the part of musicians is seen in the almost complete separation of music from general educational thought. Educators were quick to perceive the false basis on which the temple of music education was founded. The undue emphasis placed by exponents of music upon the personal equation, the constantly iterated statement that temperament and exceptional natural endowment are indispensable in music education, automatically shut the doors of the academic educational world on music.

Quite different is the purpose of those who shape the baccalaureate courses in these same colleges. The underlying principle which has exerted influence here is that in preparing the college student for complete living he should be grounded as thoroughly as possible in certain subjects which in later years will touch his life continually. These subjects are historical, political, economic, scientific, literary and religious in character. The extent to which each shall be pursued is determined by an estimate of its disciplinary importance and its bearing on the future of the student. The courses in these subjects are not planned to exploit the gifts of the enthusiastic embryo author, scientist, political economist or divine. They are so shaped that all students, the crude and intellectually dull as well as the gifted and brilliant, shall derive benefit from them. These subjects are selected because of a belief in their general utility and their power to develop the faculties of the student along lines of future receptivity and initiative. A foundation of perceptive powers, controlled mental activity and breadth of view prepared, the future author, scientist, political economist and theologian may proceed to specialized forms of study according as his predilections may be revealed. Not so is the scheme of present-day music education as followed in the college music department generally. Specialization begins immediately. Some degree of broader cultural training may be attempted if the director of the department happen to be a person of larger educational vision, but the paralyzing doctrine of temperament and special endowment dominates the shaping of music courses as a whole. A narrower kind of education is substituted for a broader and in the general welter of competition to graduate a large number of players and singers, the needs of the masses of the people are forgotten. Under the domination of its present ideals the college music department is failing to take advantage of the opportunity offered it by close contact with thousands of students who spend a considerable length of time within the college environment and then go out to touch the thousands in their various communities. The humanistic service that music can so well render is overlooked and the merry farce of attempting to turn out virtuosi who are never

heard of in later years continues to the lasting injury of music as an educational force and to the denial of music's wonderful resources as an element of the complete life to those who need it and would derive great good from it.

That practical music may claim the right to inclusion in the academic educational scheme on a plane of equality with other subjects of the baccalaureate curriculum is apparent if the noteworthy manifestations of its power to engage the attention and influence the lives of the people be considered. With such testimony in evidence, it seems unnecessary to argue that a force which is emphatically demonstrating its social utility and its mental and spiritual efficacy can be made a useful agency in our system of education. If, however, our analysis of current methods of college instruction in practical music be correct, it is necessary to show that these educational possibilities can be made to conform to college standards. The responsibility for this demonstration rests upon musicians. It is they who must subject the educational formulae of practical music to a scrutiny that will lay bare misdirection of aim and wrong methods of instruction. Aims and methods which reveal inadequacy must be discarded even though it work a revolution in the program of college music courses. There must be a distinct cleavage between courses which have for their purpose specialization in professional training and those intended to result in the real musical education of the greatest possible number of the college student body. Courses must deal with those phases of music which make the strongest humanistic appeal. They must touch intimately the thousands of college students who, having no pronounced aptitude for intensive technical development, either as executants or composers, nevertheless do possess the intellectual and emotional capacity needed for an appreciation of music and are capable of mastering its instrumental and vocal technique sufficiently to enable them to express themselves musically. The outstanding purpose of these courses should be the inspiration of college students to become lovers of good music and enthusiastic propagandists of a nation-wide musical knowledge and appreciation.

Music offers a wealth of material from which to formulate such courses, material which can be made to conform to academic standards. In utility, in its bearing on the future life of the student, in the training of mind and body to harmonious and thoroughly coordinated action and in the development of initiative, this material can be made to equal any subject now admitted to the college curriculum. Its subject matter can be presented in conformity to college methods. Tested by college standards, courses which properly

present it will measure up to college requirements. In certain institutions where practical music has been included in the baccalaureate course and fairly tested, the similarity of methods and the nature of the work to those in English and science has been marked. As in English and the sciences the material used in courses in practical music is adapted to, and requires, a combination of class room and laboratory work. The fundamentals of the science and art of music and facts about its scientific and artistic development supply the material for work in the class room. The practical application of these fundamentals and accessory facts, as made with instrument or voice, constitute laboratory experimentation and demonstration. This attitude toward practical music, which makes performance an expression of knowledge previously gained in the class room, relegates technical training to its proper place. Technique becomes a vehicle for the expression of the music one has learned to know and feel, a means to an end and not the end itself. Virtuosity, professionalism, the vocational aspect of music study are no longer the goal on which attention is focussed. The aim is so to know music as to derive the largest measure of intellectual and spiritual benefit and enjoyment from it and to be able to express one's knowledge satisfactorily.

The subjects from which the material relating to the fundamentals of music as a science and an art should be assembled in courses based on this view of music education are harmony, with such treatment of counterpoint and composition as will give the student an insight into their processes, the architecture of music as displayed in its formal structure and the physical, or acoustical, basis of music. Subjects dealing with facts about music, a knowledge of which is essential to supplement that of fundamentals and aid in their practical application and musical expression, should include the evolution of notation, the orchestra, its instruments and music, the history of music and a study of the personalities of those who have created it and influenced its development. In these subjects will be found all that is needed for an education in music that will parallel a knowledge of the literature on which English courses are based. The study of them can be made as comprehensive and thorough as conditions demand. Harmony, the grammar and rhetoric of music discovers to the student the harmonic and melodic basis of the art. He will eventually recognize it as the source from which is derived the subtle intellectual and emotional stimulus so strongly felt by those who know music and listen to it understandingly. From his study of the physical basis of music he learns the part nature has taken in determining the chord and scale

relationships of which harmony treats. Structural symmetry, the balance of unity and variety of melodic and harmonic sequence and of tonality are revealed during his investigation of the laws of musical form. Here we have a trilogy of subjects relating to science and art which initiates the student into the mysteries of music and so clarifies his understanding of the vital elements of music that he is able to express his own musical feeling and listen to the performance of others with an intelligence and a sympathetic appreciation of deeper meanings that elude the uneducated participant or hearer.

Supplementing the knowledge acquired from these fundamental subjects is that derived from correlated courses dealing with facts about music. The symbols by means of which the thoughts of great composers have been preserved, making possible their re-creation centuries after their creators first gave them to the world, passed through centuries of evolution before reaching their present degree of perfection. The study of notation tells this story of this development and throws interesting sidelights on the mentality, the mental processes, of those who contributed to this development and of the difficulties which attended the growth of music as an art. Allied to notation and running parallel with the story notation tells, is the history of music and the study of personalities connected with musical development. Here the student becomes aware of the connection of music with the political, social, literary and religious conditions of the time. Third in this group is the most comprehensive and potential of the instruments of musical expression—the orchestra. The wonderful range of artistic and descriptive expression and the iridescent richness of tone color possible in orchestral performances stimulate imagination and awaken undreamed of experiences. The study of the characteristics of orchestral instruments is an important part of the education of the music lover.

A literature of unexcelled richness has accumulated during the centuries since music attained its early perfection of technique and form. Epic, dramatic, pastoral, humorous and narrative compositions for instruments and voice, solo and in many combinations of ensemble, offer material of great variety and interest by means of which familiarity with a wide range of musical thought can be attained. What subject of the college curriculum has more to offer?

Safeguards for the maintenance of standards can be thrown about college courses in practical music as easily and effectively as in the case of any other subject. Examinations of the work done in the class room can be made as definite and searching and tests of proficiency and thoroughness of work done at the instrument are as easily provided. Standards of attainment in performance can be

determined with definiteness. Semester hours can be calculated with accuracy and it will be found that the student of practical music who obtains credit in music toward the baccalaureate degree has actually done more hours of work than the academic student who does not include music in his course.

Here is an art conspicuously exerting an undeniable and continuous influence for physical, social, mental and spiritual uplift on individual and community life. It combines scientific and esthetic qualities and in wealth of suitable material, in its adaptation to educational purposes and appeal it ranks with any subject in the college curriculum touching with even greater powers the future life of the college student than many of those now accepted. If it be the duty of the musician to develop the educational possibilities of practical music, demonstrating them beyond question, a responsibility equally important rests upon those college authorities in whose hands is the determination of the baccalaureate curriculum. If they are sincerely desirous of making college training a complete preparation for future living, and we have no reason to think otherwise, they will not treat lightly, or ignore, the manifestations of practical music and will give its claims to a place in the college curriculum as a factor in complete education just consideration and ample opportunities for a full and fair test.

THE CUCKOO AND NIGHTINGALE IN MUSIC

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

TO musician, philosopher and poet alike, the subject of Bird Music has always been one of more than ordinary attraction. The musician has been interested in its artistic expression; the philosopher in its scientific investigation; the poet in its emotional appeal. Thus, more than fifty years "before the Common Account called Anno Domini," we have the Latin poet and philosopher, Lucretius, attributing the origin of music to human imitation of the harmony of the feathered tribe. By his English translator, Creech (1714), he is represented as asserting concerning primitive humanity that

Through all the woods they heard the charming noise
Of chirping birds, and tried to frame their voice
And imitate. Thus birds instructed man,
And taught them songs before their art began.

Some eighteen centuries later the same idea was echoed by that great musical historian, Sir John Hawkins, who, in the first volume of his *History of Music*, opines that

The voices of animals, the whistling of the winds, the fall of water, the concussion of bodies of various kinds, not to mention the melody of birds, as they all contain in them the rudiments of harmony, may easily be supposed to have furnished the minds of intelligent creatures with such ideas of sound, as time, and the accumulated observation of succeeding ages, could not fail to improve into a system.

For an English lawyer, accustomed by training and environment to "admit nothing," to "question everything," and to "call for proof," this is a fairly complete committment, if one may be allowed to use the word in a literary rather than in a legal sense. But whether the theories of poet and philosopher and of musical amateur are consonant with fact, is not so much a matter for concern in the present connection. To us the significant thing is that thoughtful men, living in widely remote periods, and engaged in totally different pursuits, should share similar views with reference to the importance of the music of "the fowls of the air."

From birds in general two or three particular classes of songsters have been especially selected for notice by practical musicians as

well as by writers on musical topics. These classes comprise the birds known as the cuckoo, the nightingale, and the lark. Of the latter it is not convenient to speak in this essay; but it is only fair to say that while the first class has obtained notoriety on account of the characteristic interval of its vocal figure, the two latter classes have achieved undying fame through the variety and beauty of their songs. Concerning the cuckoo as a bird, all that can be said here is that the singing cuckoo is a habitant of the Eastern hemisphere, visiting Europe,—in early spring,—from the wooded parts of Northern Africa, and departing before the end of summer. Thus the old English saying:

In May he sings both night and day,
In June he altereth his tune,
In July he'll fly away.

The cuckoo's objectionable habit of depositing its eggs in the nest of another bird,—generally that of the hedge-sparrow,—and the still more objectionable habit of the young cuckoo of throwing out of the nest every occupant except himself, are facts known to every tyro in natural history. The cuckoo of the Eastern world is mostly of a bluish ash colour, and only the males sing. The American yellow-billed cuckoo, although possessing the redeeming feature of rearing its own young, is songless and, therefore, has no musical interest.

This latter, of course, centres entirely in the cuckoo's song—if such it may be called. This "song" has several remarkable characteristics, one of which is interesting on scientific grounds, the other for aesthetic or purely musical reasons. The former peculiarity has never received the attention it deserves. Probably the first to direct attention to it was that poet of nature, William Wordsworth, who, in his poem "To the Cuckoo," says:

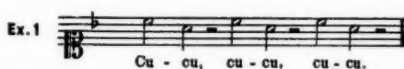
When I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space
As loud far off as near.

For a man who has never been credited with any definite musical knowledge, these lines exhibit considerable acumen, since the poet has not only drawn attention to the well-known fact that the cuckoo's song consists of two tones, but has earned our gratitude by reminding us that this "two-fold shout" seems "as loud far off as near." Indeed the cuckoo's song is distinctly audible at distances much greater than a mile and, under favourable circumstances, has been often so heard by the present writer. We can understand the

extensive audibility of the song of the nightingale or the lark, on account of their remarkable timbre; but the tones of the cuckoo have no particularly musical quality to assist them in this respect. The whole subject would be, in our opinion, an interesting one for further acoustical investigation and for much fuller discussion.

Of the more musical characteristics of the cuckoo's tones, Wordsworth, as we have already noticed, in his expression "two-fold shout," has left us to infer that the cuckoo's call consists of only two tones. These tones are generally of uniform length, or with the first tone slightly shorter than the second, while both are somewhat *staccato*, each "call" being followed by a slight period of silence. But the most interesting point is the interval separating the two tones. This, in contradiction to popular ideas which here, as well as almost everywhere else, are nearly always incorrect, is usually a perfect 4th at the first appearance of the bird in England and adjacent countries. The writer has never heard this interval exceeded except on one occasion. This was on May 30, 1912, when walking on Stanner Ridge, near Kington, Herefordshire, England, on the borderland between England and Central Wales. Here he noted a cuckoo distinctly and repeatedly singing an augmented 4th. But as the season advances the compass of the interval decreases, first to a major 3rd, and then to that interval by which the cuckoo's call is conventionally represented,—a minor 3rd. Eventually the cuckoo's voice breaks, the "two-fold shout" disappears, and gives place to a mere unmusical croak of approximately a semitone.

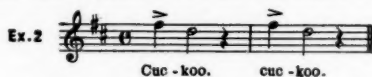
The absolute pitch of the lower of the two tones forming the cuckoo's call is near to, or about, middle C or D.¹ Sir John Hawkins writes it thus, using the Soprano Clef:



Here the conventional interval of a minor 3rd, the period of silence after each call, and the old English orthography, are all points of interest.

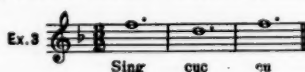
¹In a recent publication of some extracts from her father's note-books, a daughter of the late Sir Hubert Parry devotes a page to his records of cuckoo calls, as heard at his Gloucestershire residence one summer during the latter part of May and the earlier days of June. These calls, nearly 40 in number, have either middle C, D, D flat, or E flat for their final sounds, and range in compass from a major 2nd to a major 3rd, the first note of each call being almost invariably shorter than the second. Sir Hubert has also added some interesting remarks on the intonation and the manner of execution of the various calls. In one place he speaks of "two cuckoos singing the same call with very different timbre, one like a stopped diapason, and the other like a gamba.

About half a century after the appearance of Hawkins' history, —in 1832, to be exact,—William Gardiner, a stocking manufacturer of Leicester, England, a noted musical amateur, litterateur, composer, and compiler, and a personal acquaintance and correspondent of Haydn and Beethoven, produced his "Music of Nature; or an attempt to prove that what is passionate and pleasing in the art of singing, speaking, and performing upon musical instruments, is derived from the sounds of the Animated World." In this quaint, interesting, and anything but worthless work, Gardiner says, concerning the cuckoo, that children mark his well-known song, crying



Here we have, as our selected pitch, the G clef instead of the Soprano, the interval of a major rather than that of a minor 3rd, and a more modern notation. Also the silence after each call is graphically represented, as well as the lengthening of the second tone and the accentuation of the first, both these latter points being occasional features of the cuckoo's song. This song, says Gardiner, "I have invariably found in Leicestershire to be in the key of D. If the cuckoos in other countries should be found to accord with this curious fact, as nature is pretty much the same, we may take these notes as a standard of pitch." With our absolutely accurate and scientifically constructed instruments for the denoting of absolute pitch, the idea of being dependent for the latter upon such a variable thing as the tone of a cuckoo is now as preposterous as it is absurd. Gardiner then goes on to quote the celebrated naturalist, Gilbert White (1720-1793), of Selborne, Hampshire, as saying that he had tested all the owls in his neighbourhood with a pitch pipe, and found them to hoot in B flat, and the cuckoos to sing in the key of D!¹

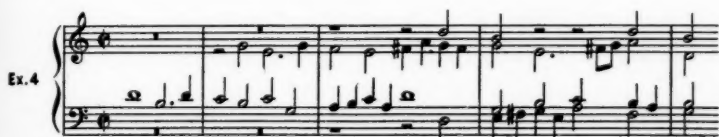
Whatever one may think concerning Sir John Hawkins' opinion that the reproduction of these tones constitutes "the most ancient species of musical notation," and that the tones themselves "appear to be a natural and very obvious subject for it," it is a mere matter of fact that these "reproductions," in number at least, have been legion. Perhaps the earliest example of them is to be found in the old English Rota, or Round, attributed to John of Fornsete, a monk of Reading, about 1226. Here we have the phrase:



¹The standard pitch at the end of the 18th Century was nearly a tone^{*} lower than at present. This would lower the pitch of White and Gardiner to (approximately) C.

woven in as an integral and essential part of the composition. Then in the Elizabethan age, John Bennet (who flourished between 1570 and 1615, but of whose life little is known save that he was one of the contributors to the *Triumphs of Oriana*), published in 1599, "Madrigals to four voyces being his first works." In one of these, "Thyrsis, sleepest thou?" he has a vocal imitation of the cuckoo's song; while Thomas Weelkes, another contributor to the *Triumphs of Oriana*, and sometime organist of Chichester Cathedral, a great writer of English church music and madrigals, published in 1600, two books of madrigals in which one composition, "The Nightingale the Organ of Delight," again introduces the cuckoo's song vocally.

Leaving England for Italy, and vocal for instrumental music, our next example is found to be the "Capriccio sopra il Cucho" of Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1644), the most distinguished organist of his age, sometime organist of St. Peter's, Rome. This work was one of a collection of Capricci published in Rome in 1624, and at Venice in 1626. The opening measures run thus:



Here we have the more popular interval of a minor 3rd used as the initial tones of a "point of imitation" and (as a reference to the whole composition would show) continuously in the melody, which latter consists of nothing but the two sounds, D and B, repeated after divers rests during which the imitative treatment continues in the other parts. This work has been transcribed for the piano-forte by Harold Bauer, and for the modern organ by John E. West.

About half a century later comes Johann Kasper Kerl, the noted organist of Munich and Vienna, probably a pupil of Frescobaldi, but certainly a student under Carissimi. On the 17th of July, 1679, he wrote a "Capriccio Kuku," in G, which has been edited by the late Mr. J. S. Shedlock. Here the style is less vocal and better suited to keyboard execution than that of Frescobaldi. We quote the opening measures from which it will be seen that the minor 3rd is again employed, a proceeding which obtains throughout the movement:



It was upon a motet of Kerl's that Handel was supposed to have founded the chorus, "Egypt was glad when they departed," from his *Israel in Egypt*; and, as we shall see later, he appears to have known and to have been under considerable obligations to the Cuckoo Capriccio.

Returning again to Italy we find Bernardo Pasquini (1637-1710), the celebrated Roman organist and harpsichordist, writing in 1698 his "Toccata con lo Scherzo del Cuccó." Here the style and general expression shew a still further advance. The key chosen is A, but the cuckoo call occasionally expresses itself in a major 3rd, the rhythm being an alternation of two equal notes or a shorter followed by a longer. Both these points are illustrated in the closing measures:



Passing—geographically—to France, and—chronologically—to the 18th century, we meet with Louis Claude Daquin, the Parisian organist, who, in 1735, published his first book of harpsichord pieces, a volume in which was found his celebrated "Le Coucou," "so quaintly fresh that it will surely never grow old." And so popular did the cuckoo call become that not only was it made the germ or motive for isolated harpsichord movements, but upon it were actually founded so-called Cuckoo Concertos. Amongst these was one by Antonio Vivaldi, the Italian violinist, the work being contained in his series of concertos attempting to illustrate the four seasons. Then there was also the cuckoo concerto of the Saxon-born English resident, John Frederick Lampe (1703-51), the friend of Handel and also of Charles Wesley, the hymnodist. Lampe was a brother-in-law of Thomas Arne, and this reminds us that in 1770, the great English melodist, whose memory is perpetuated in the immortal strains of "Rule Britannia" and "Where the Bee sucks," produced in London, under the direction of Garrick,

a representation of Dryden's *King Arthur*, with Purcell's original music supplemented by some additional numbers from Arne's pen. Amongst the latter was a new overture which is stated to have contained amongst other features, "an imitation on the flute of the call of the 'Cuckow.'" Both Arne and Lampe represented the cuckoo's call by the interval of a major 3rd. But nearly a century earlier Purcell himself had employed the same device, and at the same interval, in the concluding symphony of a song in the *Faerie Queen*, a series of pieces of incidental music written, in 1692, to illustrate an anonymous adaptation of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

But that greater Saxon than Lampe,—the giant Saxon,—George Frederick Handel, with all his mastery over the somewhat restricted methods of musical expression characteristic of his age, only includes the cuckoo call in one of his compositions for his favourite instrument, the organ. This particular work was that known as the Cuckoo and Nightingale Concerto, a composition or compilation planned for the orchestra and the English organ of Handel's day,—an orchestra of string, oboes, and bassoons, and an organ of limited compass and destitute of a pedal board. The interest of the Concerto is centered in its first movement in which occurs the characteristic passage from which its name is derived. The great organ virtuoso, the late Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, perhaps the greatest performer upon his instrument that the world has ever seen,—certainly the greatest of the 19th century,—has included a concerto under this name in a set of movements, selected from Handel, arranged for the organ in concerto form, and published as examples of the latter by Boosey & Co., of London. But Best's introduction differs from that preceding the detached concerto known as the Cuckoo and Nightingale Concerto, because taken from various other sources. The same applies to the two movements which follow the Allegro; and even the latter—which is the only movement possessing any interest for us in this connection—is taken in part from the 9th Grand Concerto for Strings. Further, Best's work although masterly in construction and effect, is, really, a very free transcription, the finely developed Cadenza being entirely the work of "W.T.B." In this Best version the cuckoo call introduces the second subject, *e.g.*,



and is used throughout the latter, sometimes in conjunction with the nightingale motive, *e.g.*,

Ex. 8

(Nightingale)
Sw. *pp*

Ch. Cl. *p*
(Cuckoo)

The manner in which this call is expressed is, however, more *à la* Best than Handelian in style. Nevertheless, a comparison of Exs. 4 and 7 would seem to show, as we have already remarked, that Handel in the cultivation of this Concerto must have been ploughing with the oxen of Johann Kasper Kerl.

Amongst the classical writers the cuckoo call was relegated for the most part to the realm of children's music. Thus Haydn employs the toy cuckoo in his celebrated Toy Symphony of 1788, writing for it—on the tones G and E—artistically and effectively. In these latter respects he differs from Andreas Romberg (1767–1821), the violinist, who with his cousin, Bernhard Romberg, the violoncellist, and with Anton Reicha, the theorist, played with Beethoven, at Bonn, in the band of the Elector of Cologne. Romberg writes at the same pitch as Haydn, but frequently employs rapid repetitions of the tones instead of the two call-sounds. As both Mendelssohn's Toy Symphonies, composed in 1827, are lost, we are only able to surmise that as the instruments were known to be identical with those used by Haydn, the effects produced, and the notation employed, were probably more or less similar to those of the older master.

As may reasonably be expected, Beethoven introduces the cuckoo call into his Pastoral Symphony. Here, in the Coda to

Ex. 9

Flauto Solo
p cresc.

Oboe Solo

Clarineti
in B \flat

Nachtigall

Wachtel



the slow movement,—the scene by the brook,—we have the tones forming a major 3rd assigned to the clarinets in unison,—the part being marked “Kukuk,”—in company with the flute,—marked “Nachtigall,”—and the oboe,—marked “Wachtel” (quail). Some enthusiasts have tried to read a cuckoo call into the broken tonic chords which usher in the second subject of the Pastoral Sonata, Op. 28 and the upper part of the harmony over the dominant pedal preceding the Coda (Ex. 10). But this is too much like



bringing the head of Charles the First into everything, especially as the name Pastoral was not given to the Sonata in D by Beethoven himself but, in all probability, by the publisher, Cranz, of Hamburg.

And although the romantic school has treated the cuckoo call with scant courtesy, the progression still survives in some modern music. Thus Reinecke has included it as a very essential part of his Toy Symphony in C; while a much more important treatment is to be found in Edwin H. Lemare's organ solo, “Cuckoo,” No. 1 of his five Summer Sketches, Op. 73. Perhaps this work of a modern English organ virtuoso is the most artistic we have yet noticed. We give a few measures from the initial and concluding phrases by way of quotation:





but the music will certainly repay very careful study not only in this connection but on account of its own merits. Also the employment of the minor 3rd should not pass unnoticed. There is, we think, an undoubted resemblance or reference to the cuckoo call in Farjeon's Spring Song Op. 23, No. 4 (Ex. 12). Our quotation is from the organ arrangement by Mr. Purcell J. Mansfield, of Paisley Abbey, Scotland, the son of the present writer; but as the first tone is longer than the second, and as the quality of the interval varies, we leave our readers to decide for themselves whether the passage is an intentional imitation or an "undesigned coincidence."



There are doubtless many other examples of the cuckoo's call still to be found in music both ancient and modern,¹ but our space is exhausted and we can only notice here that a device for producing the tones of the cuckoo was often attached to mediaeval organs. Indeed, as late as 1750, an organ in the monastery at Weingarten, built by Gabler, and containing the mystical number of 6666 pipes, was said to have been furnished with one of these accessories. All we can say in favour of such a device is that it was at any rate more sensible than some of those extremely and childishly stupid effects operated by stop knobs in some earlier organs. These consisted of such things as a representation of Time indicating the rhythm by "beating time"; while in one case a certain stop, if drawn, would cause a contrivance something like a fox's tail to flap into the unfortunate performer's face. Such effects were on a par with the rest of the horseplay

¹For instance Leopold Godowsky's piece "The Cuckoo" in his set of 30 pieces called "Triakontameron" (G. Schirmer, 1920).—Ed.

humour of the Dark Ages, which was generally weak when it was not actually wicked.

Any attempt to write about the nightingale in music degenerates into a mere task of selection rather than research, the material being so enormous and, as a rule, so easily accessible. The bird itself, as everybody is probably aware, is another habitant of the Eastern Hemisphere, arriving in England about the middle of April, and leaving in August or September for southern climes. It is found during the summer in France, Germany, and Poland, and is not unknown in Italy or even in Palestine. One remarkable fact concerning this songster is its preference for certain strictly defined localities. Thus, in the West of England, a noted district for singing birds, the nightingale is extremely partial to the native district of the writer of this paper,—the district included in the western portion of the county of Wiltshire and the eastern portion of the county of Somerset,—the country once occupied by Selwood Forest, and at one time the scene of King Alfred's most brilliant exploits. But in the adjoining and more south-westerly counties of Devon and Cornwall the bird is seldom seen or heard. Its name is supposed to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *night* and *galan*, to sing. Its appearance is decidedly plain, and its habits so unobtrusive as to render observation somewhat difficult. Only the males sing. These arrive in England some seven or eight days before the females, singing before and after midnight in order to attract their companions and guide them on their way. The song ceases when the young are hatched. Bechstein states that the muscles of the larynx, in the case of the male bird, are proportionately more powerful than those of any other songster. The melody of the nightingale's song changes according to its emotions. More than a score of variations of its song have been recorded, the latter being so articulate as to render the task of a musical representation comparatively easy. Mr. Danes Barrington, a noted English investigator, has made "an attempt to appraise the songs of English birds and let the world know how they stand from the standpoint of technic, quality, &c." On a basis of 100, Mr. Barrington finds the nightingale an easy first, his analysis being—assigning 20 points to each heading—thus: mellowness of tone, 19; sprightly tones, 14; plaintive tones, 19; compass, 19; and execution, 19; total, 90%. The only birds in the running with the nightingale are, according to our authority, the skylark, with 63%; the linnet with 76%; the woodlark with 59%; and the English robin with 58%.

Like the making of books, references to the song of the nightingale, both in poetry and in prose, are practically without end in

their making. But we are only interested here in those utterances which testify to the musical character of the nightingale's song, and of these reference can only be made to a very few characteristic specimens. For instance, the mournful character of nightingale music is much emphasized by the older writers. Thus Sir Philip Sydney, in "O Philomela fair," says,

The nightingale . . .
Sings out her woes . . .
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth.

Milton, in his *Il Penseroso*, speaks of the bird as "most musical, most melancholy!" a statement which, two centuries later, Coleridge indignantly repudiated, declaring in his poem, "The Nightingale," that

In nature there is nothing melancholy.

Thomson in his *Seasons* insists on the sadder element of the song; and, alluding to the bird, as do all the poets, in the feminine gender, instead of the masculine, asserts that

. . . she sings
Her sorrows through the night! . . .
. . . till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

Milton, however, in his sonnet, "To the Nightingale," takes a more optimistic view of the effect of this song, and apostrophizes the bird thus:

O nightingale, that on yon blooming spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's breast doth fill.

Last of all we have Matthew Arnold, the apostle of "light and sweetness," crediting the song with at least one new element, in the lines:

Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain!

From this we can see that while the poets agree as to the beauty of the nightingale's song, they differ considerably as to its character. In felicitous prose the charm of nightingale music is quaintly but beautifully emphasized by old Isaac Walton, who writes:

He that at midnight . . . shall hear, as I have heard, the sweet descant, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, Lord! what

music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?

The numerous variations in the nightingale's song—to which reference has already been made—produce as many differences in its notation as poets and philosophers have discovered in its character. These notational differences are often due to the fact that the bird has different songs in different localities, so that one auditor would hear one strain in one place and, from another bird, another strain elsewhere. Thomas Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," already referred to, says: "These varieties may be compared to the dialects of different provinces." Gardiner then goes on to attempt to account for the "soft and plaintive note" of the bird, and its "beautiful and solemn melody," by the fact that it "sings in a lower voice than other birds." This statement, speaking comparatively, is fairly correct, the song of many birds being so high as to render absolutely exact musical translation a somewhat difficult task. Gardiner writes the nightingale's song thus:



and declares that Handel has closely imitated it in his *L'Allegro*, e.g.:



But Gardiner's notation, although doubtless proportionately accurate, is not absolutely correct, being much lower than the notation which would be needed to represent the song as often heard by the writer during the summer months near his birthplace in the heart of what was once Selwood Forest. The pitch and melody in this case were almost in exact accordance with the notation assigned to the bird by Beethoven in his Pastoral Symphony, as quoted in Ex. 9, viz.: a prepared shake on the upper tones, generally treble G or upper C. Often we have heard these birds attain to and constantly repeat a perfect *messa di voce* ($\leftarrow \rightarrow$) on upper G of the treble staff, and pipe repetitions on C and D above that as shewn in Exs. 14, 15, and 18.

But more than a century and a half before the appearance of Gardiner's "Music of Nature," there flourished one Athanasius

Kircher, a Jesuit who, fleeing to France when Gustavus Adolphus entered Germany in 1635, became a professor at the Jesuit's College at Avignon, and afterwards professor of mathematics and Hebrew in Rome where he died in 1680. Thirty years before his death he issued his chief work "*Musurgia Universalis*," in the first book of which, according to Sir John Hawkins, "he is very curious in his disquisitions touching the voice and the song of the nightingale which he has endeavoured to render in notes borrowed from the musical scale." Concerning these notes, Hawkins opines that they were more correct rhythmically than tonally, thus confirming our previous statement concerning the numerous varieties of the nightingale's song, and the consequent impossibility of securing notational representation thereof which should be identical as regards melodic outline.

As early as the Elizabethan age the song of the nightingale had commenced to secure the attention of composers, as we have already observed in the case of Thomas Weelkes. But the song of the nightingale being more varied than that of the cuckoo, the former did not lend itself so easily to musical reproduction, especially to such reproduction or representation as would be immediately recognized by an auditor. Indeed, it was not until Handel, in his *L'Allegro*, in 1740, introduced one example or specimen of the nightingale's song, that we have a definite musical passage for quotation. As noted by the great master, the song runs as above. Here the employment of the broken perfect 4th should be carefully noted, as this is Handel's favourite figure for representing the song of the nightingale. He makes extensive use of this motive here and elsewhere, and here so much so that the whole song, "Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly," from which our quotation is taken, will repay careful study in this respect. Eight years later, in 1748, Handel introduced the same feature in his oratorio, *Solomon*, in the celebrated chorus, "May no rash intruder," a chorus, from this circumstance, called the Nightingale Chorus. This time, in addition to the broken 4ths, considerable use is made of the reiterated upper D, these repeated tones, as we have already observed, being a characteristic feature in the song of the nightingale. We quote just a few measures of symphony:



Of course no nightingale ever sings, or ever did sing, precisely as represented in this typical Handelian strain; but the point we wish

to emphasize is that this phrase embodies two of the essential features of the song now under discussion. Hence the reason for its quotation. Further examples shew that Handel must have been a closer student of the music of nature than has ever been admitted or imagined. And this conclusion is confirmed upon reference to the quotation from the Cuckoo and Nightingale Concerto contained in Ex. 8. Here the broken 3rds and 4ths and the reiterated tones are especially prominent.

Again returning to the classics we note that in the soprano solo, "On mighty pens," from his oratorio, *The Creation*, Haydn, at the words, "From every bush and grove resound the nightingale's delightful notes," suggests the song of the bird by means of a series of springing figures and inverted turns assigned to the solo flute, *e.g.*



Here the effect intended and essayed is not one of actual imitation, but of purely musical suggestion. There are other and perhaps better methods of conveying a musical impression or sensation besides the employment of mere literalism. Here, as elsewhere, whether the letter "killeth" or otherwise, it is the spirit that "giveth life."

Concerning Beethoven's treatment of the nightingale's song in the Pastoral Symphony, as quoted in Ex. 9, it may interest our readers to know that this notation corresponds almost exactly with the song as heard by the writer almost every early summer night for many years in the old English home of his boyhood. Especially should be noticed the prepared shake which is exquisitely performed by some of the birds on brilliant moonlight nights. Another fairly exact representation of the song is to be found in a Beethoven fragment, "Der Gesang der Nachtigall," composed in 1813, and numbered 277 in Series 25 of the Breitkopf and Haertel edition of Beethoven's works. Here, a short symphony,—Allegro ma non troppo,—reads as follows:



In the few vocal measures which follow there is nothing to suggest

bird music in general or the song of the nightingale in particular. In the Toy Symphonies of Haydn and Romberg the parts assigned to the toy called "nightingale" consist of shakes and repeated tones on treble G, and as such call for no comment here.

But in Lefébure Wély's well-known and somewhat well-worn Fantasia Pastorale in G, for the organ, the nightingale effect is happily produced by temporarily discarding melody for mere rhythm and writing a series of repeated tones, increasing in rapidity as they progress, and ending with a prolonged shake, *e.g.*:



This notation is again in exact agreement with the song as heard by the writer of this paper in bygone years. Wély's contemporary and compatriot, Edouard Batiste (1820-76), sometime organist of St. Eustache, Paris, although indulging, in his Storm Fantasia in C minor, in a good many thunder effects of "the baser sort," and a good deal of florid melody of the more tawdry type, gives us nothing which can be construed into a representation of the song we have been discussing. Indeed, in general terms, it may be said that modern composers are not partial to exact imitations of natural sounds. As aforesaid, they prefer to suggest rather than to depict, to idealize rather than to portray, at times, perhaps, forgetting that the two operations may be combined in one action, they being by no means antagonistic. But the nightingale's song is neither neurotic nor decadent, but purely diatonic; and as such it is self-excluded from the chromatic environment of so much of our modern music.

And although further passages for quotation could doubtless be culled from the pages of music past or present, ancient or modern, enough has been "set down" here to convey a fair idea of the importance assigned by musicians to the songs of at least two representatives of the feathered tribe, to show the readiness of composers to utilize the "singing of birds" for purposes of local colour, and to their desire in nearly all cases to represent these songs accurately or, at least, suggestively. At the same time the claim of worthy William Gardiner, that everything "passionate and pleasing" in music is "derived from the sounds of the Animated World" can scarcely be said to be proven. The debt of music to nature is considerable but by no means incalculable, for music consists of something far more exalted than the mere imitation of natural

noises. Thus, while it is true, as old Thomas Fuller puts it, that "Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune," it is equally true, as Sir John Hawkins quaintly remarks, that

There are few things in nature which music is capable of imitating, . . . and these powers of imitation constitute but a very small part of the excellence of music. . . . We may venture to pronounce that as its principles are founded in geometric truth, and seen to result from some general and universal law of nature, so its excellence is intrinsic, absolute, and inherent, and, in short, resolvable only into His will, Who has ordered all things in number, weight, and measure.

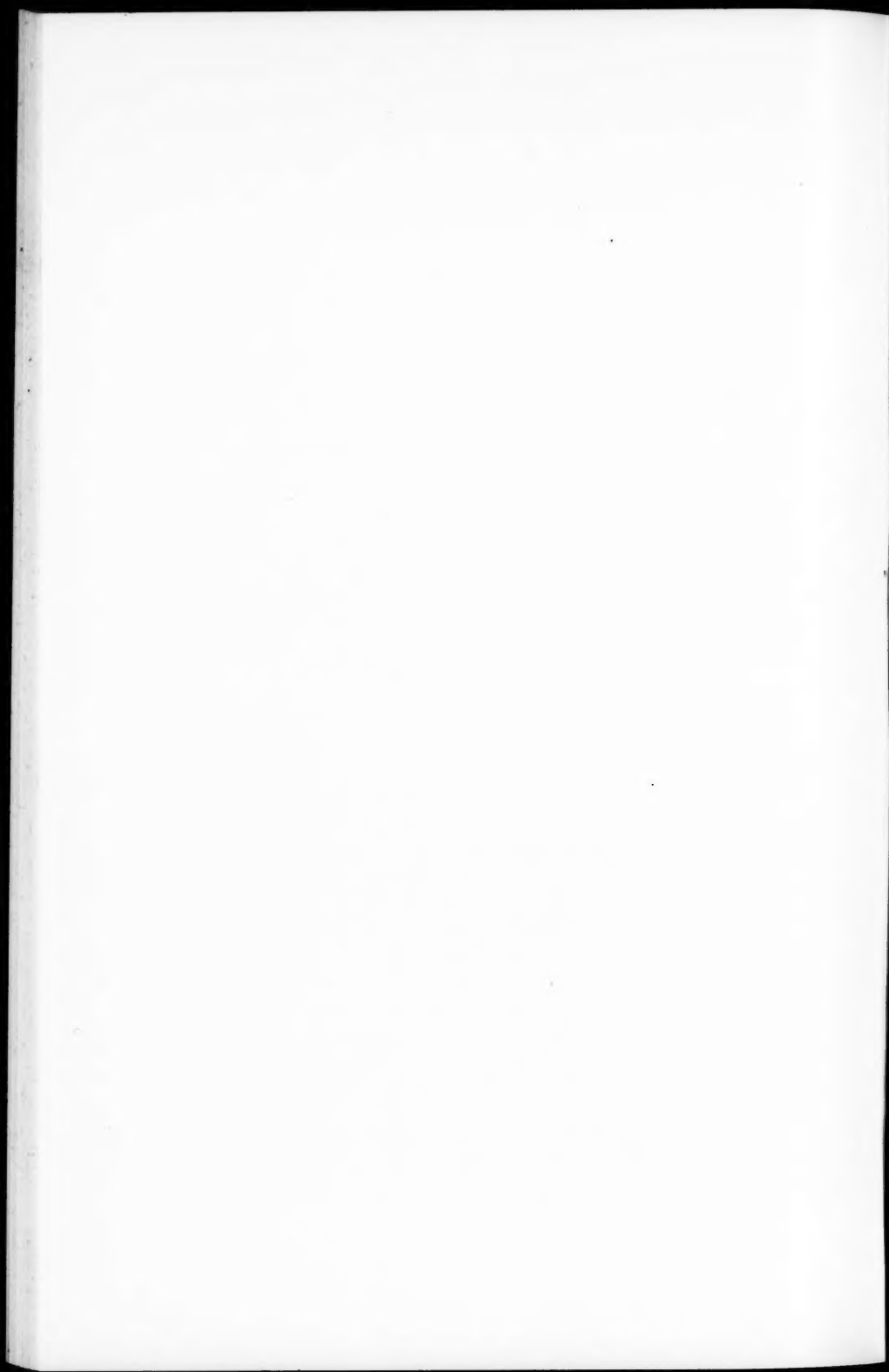
LETTERS OF ROBERT FRANZ

By WILLIAM BARCLAY SQUIRE

THE five letters here printed were written by Robert Franz to Carl Armbruster (1846-1917), who for the last years of his life lived in England. Armbruster was intimately connected with the Wagner circle, and Fräulein Cramer, who is frequently mentioned in the letters, will be remembered by early frequenters of Bayreuth as one of the four Youths who carry the Graal in the first and third acts. Franz was a voluminous correspondent, largely owing to the deafness which came upon him in his later years. A collection of his letters, addressed from 1861 to 1888 to Baron Arnold Senfft von Pilsach was published at Berlin in 1907. They are characterized by many bitter judgments of contemporary musicians and do not altogether give a pleasing idea of his disposition. But it must be remembered in extenuation that throughout his life he was a disappointed man. He suffered from poverty, from deafness, and from an affection by which his right hand became almost entirely crippled. Moreover, the period in which he lived was one in which musical polemics were carried on in Germany with a bitterness that now it is hardly possible to realize. The followers of Schumann, of Wagner, of Liszt, and of Brahms fought and abused one another with extreme violence and incredible want of reticence. Musically, it might have been thought that Franz would have belonged to the Schumann-Brahms following, but as this party was more or less allied with Chrysander, whose editions of Handel were bitterly criticised by Franz, who had his own definite ideas of editing Bach and Handel, the Halle song-writer was generally to be found in the opposite camp of Wagner and Liszt. That Franz was, and still is, never appreciated at his full worth, is quite true; but the reason is not far to seek, and various passages in his letters show that he realized it himself. His songs are too intimate to produce their full effect on the general public, and moreover they require a perfection of performance in which the shares of both singer and accompanist shall be fused with a degree of sympathy that is rarely attainable. The admirable article by E. Dannreuther in Grove's Dictionary says the last words on Franz's songs, and is as true now as when it was written. They will probably always remain caviare to the multitude; but, in the history of music, they will keep for Franz's name a place by the side of those of Schumann, Schubert and



Robert Franz



Wolf. It only remains to be said that the originals of the following letters are preserved in the Library of the Royal College of Music, by the permission of the Director of which institution they are now printed. I am also indebted to Mrs. Knight for having kindly transcribed Franz's rather difficult handwriting. The translation only claims to be a paraphrase.

I.

Honoured Sir:

What you write to me about the success of my songs in Scotland sounds to my ears like a fairy tale. For I had not believed that such an immediate effect on the public was possible. Here in North Germany three or four of my songs are continually given in concerts, mostly in surroundings where they make no impression, much less leave any behind. Therefore, when in my last letter I asked you to send me some programmes, I was not thinking of any detailed description, but only of a report of the bare titles, in order to show native music-managers what notice is taken of me abroad. In all the larger towns of the dear Fatherland there live musicians who also have their own goods on sale and are very much occupied in keeping away from their own neighbourhood products which are not yet accepted everywhere. Besides this, most of our singing-masters cannot play the accompaniments of my songs without giving themselves away. These two reasons explain everything! But treat it with discretion, for I do not want to bring more enemies on my head than I have already.

No audience in this country has yet heard a note of the songs by me which Miss Cramer introduced to the London public. I wonder what our concertgoers would say about "Frühlingsfeier," Op. 39! "Who is Adonis?" And then the bass notes in the concluding symphony, in which one hears the savage wild-boar growl in the distance? Apropos of Op. 39, I wish you would especially cherish No. 6, "Altes Lied," with its cockcrowings. It is a great favourite of mine. But you must give a long pause for the moon-speech, and then it will make most effect! The trumpet-sounds and the clang of bells in the last verse are also important. But more than anything it interests me that my Burns songs were received so favourably in Scotland; there must be something in them pointing to national sympathy. I have been for years convinced of the fact that in every genuinely lyric poem the corresponding melody lies hidden. Given the necessary talent, it will then appear inevitably as an addition to the right material. Without having a clear understanding of Old German, Russian, Bohemian, Carniolan, Scandinavian and Scotch national music, I have succeeded in expressing by sounds their strongly differentiated characteristics, a thing that I could do only with the help of the poetical contents of the words before me. This is not mere fancy, but is based on sure grounds, for I have never made music for words, but have always drawn the former from the latter. My songs consequently require the most intense understanding of their poetic basis; where there is this, the right conception of the flow of melody cannot possibly be wanting. If people in Scotland were not intimately acquainted with

Burns' songs, my little tunes could not have made such a lively impression on them; that cannot be doubted!

You speak in your letter of your intention of drawing up for Scotland some day a programme consisting entirely of my Burns songs. There are, I see, fifteen of them which (what is especially important) bring in full force the meaning of the noble poet's lyrics. In "The Lovely Lass of Inverness" it might seem as if my conception of the angry cry "Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord, a bluidy man I trow thou be" contradicted the principles above-stated. But it is a *woman* who, in a moment of the highest passion, is conscious of her helplessness and breaks out to herself in quiet lament. The passage also admirably introduces the close, "For mony a heart hast thou made sair," which would not be the case with a wild curse. Without knowing the original English, I have here and there hit the mark better than the translation. Thus, for example, in "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine," at the beginning of the second verse I make the trumpet sound at the right place; and in "While larks with little wing" my piano accompaniment reproduces the fluttering flight of the noisy bird, of which the original speaks, but not the translation. One may call such things "accidents"; but is it absolutely impossible that my feeling in composing irradiated and understood the originals?

You must not be angry with me that I let myself go so volubly about my own stuff. Perhaps such dissertations here and there contribute to the elucidation of my conception.

I am very glad that you have become acquainted at Dr. Hans Richter's in Vienna with the Twenty Sacred Songs of Sebastian Bach's arranged by me. In them one gazes into the depths of the heart, so that one becomes dazed! It is hard to understand how these marvellous works for nearly two hundred years should be thought unsolved problems, when one looks at the natural form in which I have filled out the harmonies. Hitherto our schoolbooks misused the text as exercises in deciphering figured bass, in which plenty of nonsense can be brought to light. The pedants had no idea that an intensive share in the expression of the whole could be taken by the middle parts; the notes between the Discant and the Bass were stuffed in according to the figures—and so *basta!* If I were in your place, I should try energetically to make these precious jewels known, for *you* will be the first to introduce them in England, where there is certainly a future for them.

I am most highly indebted to Dr. Hans Richter for his amiable participation in efforts at reconstructing the vocal compositions of our old masters. He is a true artist, who with true unselfishness depends only on things, not on people—a rarity of which in these days one can not speak well enough. You evidently belong to the same class!

With warmest greetings to you and Fräulein Cramer,
Halle, Feb. 6, 1888.

Yours truly,
Rob. Frar z.

II.

Honoured Sir:

You have prepared a great pleasure for me by the publication in the "Musikalisches Wochenblatt" of your Concert Programmes; it only proved to me that my artistic efforts are judged more impartially abroad

than they are in this country. If, for more than forty years, one has had to suffer from all kinds of malicious belittling, it can conduce only to satisfaction when, unsolicited, contrary tendencies assert themselves, which cannot possibly be restrained by one's enemies. As I believe I know you, it is hardly necessary to ask that you should get my compositions still further accepted, for, in truth, he only honours himself who strives to establish what he knows is good. As for myself, I do not wish for homage, but only for that justice which is my due. Here I shall not further pursue the inquiry, whether Songs may justly claim acceptance in the Realm of Art; but to have won for them a place of honour in association with masters to whom I owe more than words can express—this I do account as my highest distinction!

Many greetings to you and Fräulein Cramer from
Halle, Feb. 17, 1888.

Yours truly

Rob. Franz.

III.

Honoured Sir:

I am gratefully indebted to you for your obliging communications and for the accompanying programmes, of peculiar interest to me. The fine success in Cork confirms the opinion that I had formed of the susceptibility of the Irish, a race so highly gifted in poetry. One only needs to have read the descriptions in the "Briefe eines Verstorbenen" to have a lively sympathy for those people.

Vienna is now following your suit. Dr. H. M. Schuster, who for years has successfully advanced along the lines laid down by me, intends to give a lecture on my little tunes some evening in the Wagner-Verein, to be illustrated with musical examples by a young lady, Fräulein Maria Wagner. You see that your efforts find a response in this country. The bungling of single songs in concerts has done me more harm than good; the everlasting singing of "Er ist gekommen" and "Danke nicht für diese Lieder" and "Die Haide ist braun" made me look like a recipient of charity! When one has devoted a whole lifetime to the elevation of a particular form of art, such experiences are not pleasant.

If you have not yet decided on your choice for the performance in March, I should like to propose to you No. 5 in Op. 40, "Die Verlassene." There is something to be made out of that song! Perhaps you could continue it with "Norwegische Frühlingsnacht," for both numbers show that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in striking the popular note—in the latter Scandinavian, in the former Old Bohemian—without following conscious impressions in either case. The fact of the mysterious influence of the words on the musical expression, which is the most characteristic feature of my conceptions, is here clearly apparent.

The Sacred Songs of Sebastian Bach edited by me are shortly to be published by Novello in an English edition; I am anxious as to how the translator will succeed with the German words. It is difficult to reproduce their naïveté, and the translator had better confine himself to the general meaning of the verses. With the warmest greetings, which I beg you to pass on to Fräulein Cramer,
Halle, Dec. 8, 1888.

Your

Rob. Franz.

IV.

Honoured Sir:

Many thanks for your friendly communication. I am still unable to conceal my astonishment that you and Fräulein Cramer can achieve such success with the songs that you perform. It is a fresh proof that concert-goers still can appreciate music which is not superficial, provided that it is accompanied by intelligent elucidations and given in the very best manner. I cannot imagine what the public in this country would say—in spite of the advantage of the German words—to the song "Es klingt in der Luft"! Even if people generally do not pay special attention to the text, it nevertheless sometimes solves a puzzle, and is of the greatest importance for an understanding of my compositions in particular, for they pretend to be nothing more than the robe wherein the poetry clothes itself.

A short time ago one of my songs—No. 4 of Op. 3, "Komm' zum Garten, zu den Wohlbekannten"—was after many years honoured by performance in the Halle Concerts. The singer was no less a person than the celebrated Frau Amalie Joachim. I, a deaf man, could of course not go to the concert, but I heard strange things about the performance from people who knew in earlier years how to judge my little tunes. The lady showed not a trace of understanding for the tender reticence which is absolutely necessary in the case, and as for the accompaniment!—The duet-like melody in the tenor was not heard at all—only the clatter of the demi-semi-quavers! Who can be surprised that the audience simply ignored such a noise? And then people say that Franz's following is never satisfied with a performance! Not even in their dreams does it ever occur to these foolish folk that my songs must be studied. Hitherto I have held that one only improved one's self by entire devotion to one's subject; this mistake—so far as song-singing in Germany is concerned—I shall have to cancel for the present.

I could tell you of strange experiences, did I not fear to tire you. So I surely do not need to enlarge on the pleasure which, by contrast, your attitude affords me, what satisfaction your successes give me, and how grateful to you I am for all this. When I was told that my songs were mangled and transmogrified at the Leipzig Gewandhaus—for instance, in "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," the conductor cut out the indispensable concluding symphony—I felt that the concert-hall was no place for them, that they should occupy only a modest place in the home-circle. To you both I owe thanks that you have restored my belief in their power to produce a wider impression.

With warmest greetings to you and Fräulein Cramer,

Yours truly,

Halle, Dec. 13, 1889.

Rob. Franz.

P.S. I beg you will be discreet about Frau Joachim's concert-performances, as I did not hear them myself, but rely only on hearsay.

V.

Honoured Sir:

I am most grateful for your amiable letter and for the concert-programmes sent in a wrapper. It is like a dream when I read about your performances and the way the public receives them. I should

only have to repeat what I have already written to you on this point; but I shall not deny that I usually shake my head when, in reading the innumerable concert-programmes in the "Musikalisches Wochenblatt," not one of my songs is to be found. If they had had their fair chance, it would be mere vanity now for me to complain of their neglect. But notice has been taken of only three or four numbers, and these have become so hackneyed that nobody cares to hear them again. The round began with "Er ist gekommen" and reached its acme in "Die Haide ist braun," finishing up again with "Er ist gekommen." This is no idle fancy, for you can convince yourself of the fact in any newspaper. One of your analytical remarks says that these songs are caviare to the vulgar and require musically educated audiences; with you, such are actually still to be found, while with us they are growing fewer and fewer.

In the year 1877 the celebrated astronomer Edward S. Holden, of Washington, wrote me a highly interesting letter which, *inter alia*, contained the following: "At Inverness last year, in the Druid circle there, with the lovely landscape all around, everything appeared so familiar to me, and it seemed as though I heard a whispering as of olden sounds like those in your noble song 'Es klingt in der Luft,' and your ballad 'The Lovely Lass of Inverness.' I am not sure but that the songs are the real experiences, [not] of the actual scenes, but the shadows or simulacra of them." How strange! This occult influence lies in the words, which bear their melody latent within them and whose realization accords with similar conditions, whether one has or has not met with them in life. Holden continues: "Over my writing-table there hangs a picture of Heine's 'Pine-tree'—your song expresses exactly the same!" It is No. 3 in Op. 16, and would prove a grateful venture for you and Frl. Cramer;—the first verse barren and frosty in delivery; from bars 17 to 22 warm blood gently pulses through the veins of the longing lover, overflowing him in the second verse as with a glowing flood. See for yourself if I am not right. The tempo is about M. M. = 76.

One of the enclosed notices gives the number of my songs as 237, another as 257. Both are wrong; so far as I know there are 280, and if one includes the six Volkslieder I have arranged, there are 286. Even Dr. Kelterborn seems not to be clear on this head.

To the warmest greetings I add best wishes for the New Year for you and Fräulein Cramer.

Yours truly

Rob. Franz.

Halle, Dec. 30, 1889.

AMERICA IN THE FRENCH MUSIC OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

By LIONEL DE LA LAURENCIE

IT is a matter of common knowledge that the ties connecting France and America are of long standing, and it is pleasant to revert to the fact now that these ties have been strengthened in consequence of the world catastrophe which has definitely sealed the amity of two great nations meant to understand and esteem each other.

We would like, in this article, to trace in the midst of the various developments of seventeenth and eighteenth century French music, the manner in which this music has taken advantage of American elements. At times choreographic and dramatic music borrows dances and subject-matter for compositions from America, at others vocal and instrumental music employs American airs, or airs said to be American. For one is obliged to admit that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in general, paid but little attention to folk-lore of which, by-the-by, they were almost altogether ignorant, and in which they showed but little interest; though extremely avid of exotic affects and characteristic melodies. Hence, while it occurs that French drama, in staging scenes from America, endeavors to secure a kind of local color; and while it surrounds the foreign characters whom it presents with music intended to be representative of the characters in question, this does not preclude but little exactitude being displayed in the matter of transcription. For instance, the Indian savages are not pictured as they are, by the aid of their individual music; but rather as they are supposed to be, by means of a vague melodic and rhythmic documentation inspired by the tales of voyagers and missionaries. "In fact," M. Tiersot justly says, "how were the Europeans of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to discover the meaning of music that differed so greatly from their own, when they themselves found it so difficult to put up with the slightest alteration of their own musical habits; regarding with astonishment the difference between Italian and

French music; the style of Rameau succeeding that of Lulli, etc."¹

The developments of American exotism in older French music are lacking neither in objectivity nor in realism, and we only wish to draw attention to the reservations to which we have already alluded before progressing to a study of their principles.

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America appears for the first time in the French music of the seventeenth century under the auspices of the dance, and in the frame-work of the court ballet, the *ballet de cour*. As is known, this form of diversion looked on exotism as one of its most powerful means of action, and it was one of the best liked. There were ethnographic and geographic ballets which introduced representatives of the various nations on the stage, and in this manner aroused the curiosity of the spectators by the colorful play of their costumes, and the picturesque singularity of their attitudes.

In the manner of costume the theorists of the ballet show themselves decidedly exigent: "The costumes for the ballet cannot be too handsome," declares Saint-Hubert; but he insists in particular, on the correctness of the costumes, on their being entirely appropriate to the persons represented. "Therefore, one should not so much dwell on the splendor of the dress as on its fitness, and its resemblance to whatever is being represented."²

This regard for exactitude naturally showed itself when recourse was had to local color. Hence Father Menestrier designates the costumes which the exotic personages introduced in the ballets should wear, "the various nations who have their own individual costume, which distinguish them. The Turk has his vest and turban; the Moor, his black color; the American, a dress of feathers."³

Hence, too, it is attired in the multicolored plumage of the Indians of the North and of the South, that the Americans make their appearance in the choreographic diversions of the seventeenth century.

Here a preliminary observation seems called for: the term Indian does not always convey a precise ethnographic signifi-

¹Julien Tiersot. *Notes d'Ethnographie Musicale. La Musique chez les peuples indigènes de l'Amérique du Nord. Recueil de la Société Internationale de Musique.* Jan.-Mars, 1910, p. 144.

²St.-Hubert. *La manière de composer et faire répéter les ballets*, Paris, Fr. Targa, 1641. In 8vo. pp. 17, 18.

³Menestrier. *Des Ballets anciens et modernes*, 1682, p. 143.

tion since, in the literature of the court ballet, it is applied at one time to Asiatics and at another to Americans. Therefore, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, we will call Americans only such personages as are thus expressly qualified as being inhabitants of the New World.

The first seventeenth century ballet which alludes to Americans is the *Ballet de la Reine*, danced on Jan. 16, 1609, and whose first "entry," represented by the *Enfans sans soucy*, was entitled "The Americans." Then, in 1620, in the *Ballet de l'Amour de ce Temps* given that year, also by the *Enfants sans soucy*, a certain "Topinambou," addresses the following verses to the ladies:

Belles, je suis Topinambou,
Venu d'une terre étrangère;
J'ai quitté mon pays pour vous,
Mes biens et ma famille entière
Et, remply de sérénité,
Je passois en cette cité.

Beauties, my name is Topinambou,
I've come from a foreign, far countree;
I've left my natal land for you,
My goods and all my family;
And, with my soul now quite at rest,
I come to this town as your guest.

Strangely brought up, in the fashion of the time, Topinambou continues in a gallant strain, declares he is ready "to play the Cytherian game," and relies on his almost entire lack of costume as a means of overcoming the resistance of his charmers.¹

With the *Grand Bal de la Douairière de Billebahaut* (The Grand Ball of the Dowager of Billebahaut), whose costuming and get-up were the work of René Bordier and l'Étoile, the part played by the Americans has become more important. This ballet was danced before the king, in the Louvre, during the month of February, 1626, and the court took part in the "American ballets," in which "Atabalipa, followed by peoples and costumes of America," figured.²

The personage in question is Atabalipa, king of Cuzco, in Peru, whom a troupe of Americans bear into the hall at the beginning of the first "entry." This individual, destined to achieve a long career in French lyric literature, is purely a figment of the imagination. The history of Peru knows only a certain

¹Paul Lacroix. *Ballets et Mascarades de cour, de Henri III à Louis XIV* (1581-1652). Geneva, 1868, v. II, p. 257.

²René Bordier. *Grand Bal de la Douairière de Billebahaut*, Paris, 1626, p. 3.

Atahualpa, a natural son of Huayna Capac who, after a struggle of four years against his brother Huascar, ended by getting the better of him and having himself proclaimed Inca in his place, shortly before the arrival of the Spaniards.

The origin of Atabalipa is in all likelihood to be found in the singular treatise of Adriano Banchieri, published in Venice, in 1599, *La Nobiltà dell' Asino di Attabalippa dal Peru* of which a French translation was printed in Paris, in 1606: *La Noblesse, excellence et antianité de l'Asne. Traduit de l'italien du Seigneur Attabalipa* (Adriano Banchieri). Bordier was evidently acquainted with these works, hence the Atabalipa of the *Douairière de Billebahaut*.¹

And how do these "Americans" act? Let us see what Bordier says: "Someone said," he tells us, "that these pleasant Americans go clad only in feathers; yet as to that, do not regret it overmuch for, since they go about in a frivolous dress, they easily forgive the frivolity of others."²

Incidentally, they defend themselves against the accusation of inconstancy. One among their number, M. Le Comte, recites the following lines:

Béautez, qui me voyez paroistre à cœur ouvert,
Au rang des Inconstans et des plus infidelles,
Encore que mon corps soit de plumes couvert,
Mon amour n'a point d'aisles.

Beauties who see me here with heart laid bare,
'Mid the most faithless and inconstant known,
Though feathers covering my body I wear,
My constant love no wings has grown.

The entry of the Americans soon gives rise to the appearance of a "Ballet of parrakeets." "The former," says Bordier, "have no sooner turned the soles of their feet to the audience, before a troop of parrakeets show their beaks at the gate of the theatre. Covered with a plumage of green, these parrakeets thus display their hopes of a more favorable reception." But, alas, they are playing with fire, for the indigenous huntsmen of their country enter on the scene, armed with the instruments they habitually use. And then Bordier goes on to describe to us this "species of music, whose sound amuses and whose noise astonishes them." The unfortunate parrakeets know not whether to listen or to fly. Some are caught in insidious nets which entangle them, the rest

¹Henri Prunières. *Le Ballet de Cour en France*, 1913, p. 128.

²*Grand Bal de la Douairière de Billebahaut*, p. 4.

cast themselves on the mirrors carried by their enemies, without a suspicion "that the cruel hand of the huntsman will seize them." This ballet of huntsmen and parrakeets is followed by one of androgyns, individuals among whom the Count d'Haricourt plays a part, and who as women, carry spindles; and as men, clubs, in order to show that they are able to spin on the one hand, and break heads on the other.

The music of the ballet of the *Douairière de Billebahaut* has, unfortunately, not been preserved. However, a curious design, at the Louvre, published by M. Henry Prunières, in his fine work on the *Ballet de la Cour en France*, gives us an idea of the sort of music which accompanied the entrance of the Americans. Behind a solemn llama, adorned with trappings, advanced a native beating gongs, and surrounded by a troop of bagpipe players. A certain number of American airs were already known in France at this time, since Father Mersenne, in his *Harmonie universelle* of 1636, offers us four specimens.¹

Of these four airs the first, a *Chanson Canadoise* (Canada Song), whose title calls up memories of the first French explorers in Canada, Denys and Jacques Cartier, as well as of Roberval and Samuel Champlain, is certainly anything but a faithful transcription. The remaining three, on the contrary, which we give here, and which have already been reproduced by M. Tiersot in the article above cited, seem to be more valid.

They follow herewith:

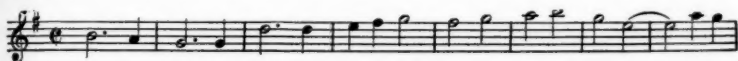


Alluding to Jean Léri's voyage, Mersenne assures us that these are songs of the Topinambous, and that the words of the first have reference to a yellow bird, whose feathers "are used by them in making their bonnets, their robes and several other things." The words of the second song, extremely vehement, carry them away into a sort of "epilepsy." As to the third song, it is used as a lament for the dead, a funeral dirge. One cannot deny that these

¹M. Mersenne. *Harmonie universelle*, Paris, 1636, Bk. 3. *Du Genres de la Musique*, II, p. 148.

three songs have a primitive and savage character, which testifies in favor of an exactness of notation at least relative. Yet it is quite evident that the musicians of the court ballets gave themselves but slight concern with regard to making use of melodies of the kind in presenting the Americans in their diversions. No doubt they preferred to support Mersenne's singular opinion, according to which "the diatonic being the most natural of all styles (modes), those peoples or races who have no musicians among them, sing diatonically."

Hence we may see, in the *Ballet de M. le Cardinal de Richelieu*, danced in 1641, the music of whose entries has been preserved in the valuable Philidor Collection at the Paris Conservatory, that the Americans take part in the dance (Entry 26), to the following theme:



which, evidently, has nothing whatsoever American about it.¹ With the masquerade of *Les Plaisirs troublés*, danced before the king by the Duke of Guise, in the great hall of the Louvre, and in which Lully collaborated (February 12, 1657), we find again the Atabalipa whose strange and sonorous name was destined to a long exploitation. In fact, Atabalipa, "king of Peru and of the Indians," figures in the eighth entry of the second part of this masquerade.²

A few years later Lully was to bethink himself of the Americans of *Les Plaisirs troublés*, since with the aid of Benserade, he introduced them once more in his ballet *Flore*, danced before the king, February 13, 1669, under the caption of "Homage of the Four Parts of the World to Madame"³ the four parts of the world represented by four ladies who arrive to call on all the nations whom they control to attend Flora's fête. Accordingly, four quadrilles make their entrance: the Europeans, the Africans, the Asiatics and the Americans (fifteenth and final entry), preceded by trumpets. When the four quadrilles are united on the stage, they dance together to the music of the *Canaries*, and "form the most pleasing figure which art has thus far invented."⁴

¹Philidor, Bk. 3, pp. 103 on.

²Victor Fournet. *Les Contemporains de Molière*, p. 470. De Beauchamps, Loc. cit. III, p. 143.

³Trans. Note: *Madame*, the sister of Charles II, of England, was the wife of Monsieur, i. e., Gaston, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV.

⁴Benserade. *Ballet de Flore*, 1669, pp. 34, 35.

Incidentally, fauns take part in their gambols, and several among them rattle tambourines, which provide a new battery of percussives. The ceremony is accompanied with recitations by Europe and Asia, to which Africa and America reply; and, of course, the four continents proclaim that "the realm of the lilies is the first in the universe."

The names of the dancers who took the parts of the Americans in the fourth quadrille have come down to us; they are: a M. L'Enfant, the Sieurs Chicanneau, Bonard and Arnald. Among the musicians who played the *Canaries*, were five "American" men and five "American" women, represented by the older Huguenet, his younger brother, the older La Caisse and his younger brother, Brouart, Marchand, la Fontaine, Charlot, and the Martinots, father and son. Flutes and oboes mingled in the symphony of sound, in the hands of some of the most skillful instrumentalists of the king's household, such as Pietro Descosteaux, Philbert and Hotteterre. All of the music brought into play during the dances of the races is, incidentally, Lully's own beyond any manner of doubt.

The same absence of local color shows itself again in the *Temple de la Paix*¹ danced with the greatest success at Fontainebleau during the autumn of 1685, and one of whose six entries is dedicated to "the savages of America." Now these savages make their appearance to the rondo in 6/4 time which follows:²



There is nothing specifically American about the inconscient rhythm of this number, and as to the chorus: "We have crossed the vast breast of the wave," it is Lully pure and simple. The

¹*Trans. Note:* The year 1685, which witnessed the production of the *Temple de la Paix* is also that of the secret marriage of Louis XIV with Mme. de Maintenon, which foreshadows the substitution of devotion for diversion at the French court. In "The Art of Ballet," Perugini says with regard to *Le Temple de la Paix* that "represented at Fontainebleau, it was given by the *corps de ballet* of the newly founded *Académie Royale*, illustrious dancers and scions of the nobility all taking their share in the production. The women dancers from the theatre, who mingled with the princesses and ladies of the Court, were termed *femmes pantomimes* in order to distinguish them from the titled *dilettanti*. Among the amateurs one finds the name of the Princess de Conti; Duchesse de Bourbon, such good old names as Mlle. de Blois, D'Armagnac, de Brienne, D'Uzes, D'Estrées; on the theatrical side such artists as Hardouin, Thevenard, and the amazing Mlle. de Maupin—heroine of a hundred wild and questionable adventures—were among the more illustrious of the singers; while Ballon, whom we have already named, won applause for the energy and vivacity of his dance, and Mlle. Subligny was equally admired for the grace and dignity of hers."

²*Le Temple de la Paix.* Bibl. nat. du Cons. p. 143.

second "air of the Americans," sung by the ballet, to instrumental accompaniment:



is neither more nor less than a *forlane*, a dance of Friouli, which Jean Baptiste Duval had described as far back as the month of May, 1609, and which the *Mercure galant* of April, 1683, praised to the skies.¹

It seeks to deploy those effects of majestic pomp and congratulation with regard to the sovereign which were so dear to the heart of Lully, the superintendent of his royal music. Lully makes an appeal to the Americans of New France to glorify Louis XIV, nothing less; these Frenchmen of the trans-Atlantic are to celebrate the pacific virtues of a monarch who, nevertheless, loved war only too well; and they are to abandon themselves to the idyllic joys which peace regained holds forth, "a peace so charming," as the American chorus sings; while a coryphee declares firmly that the great king is feared "from end to end of the earth."² In addition, among the dances which were performed at the balls of Louis XIV, and which were collected in 1712 by the elder Philidor, ordinary of the king's music, there is one *La Jamaïque* (Jamaica), whose title had an American suggestion. The theme follows:³



Following Lully's example, Rameau did not neglect to introduce the Americans on the stage. Only, it is no longer the Canadians whom he bids dance, but the Americans of the South. *Les Indes galantes*, of 1735,⁴ whose book was by Fuzelier, comprises,

¹See J. Ecorcheville. *La Forlane*, S. I. M., April 1, 1914.

²*Temple de la Paix*, mss. of the Paris Conservatory, pp. 151, 1919.

³*Recueil de Danses*, par Philidor l'ainé (1712). Bib. nat. See Fol. 3555, p. 50.

⁴*Trans. Note*: Combarieu calls *Les Indes galantes*, in 3 acts and a prologue, one of the type of heroic ballet already traditional; "in it one meets with Hebe, Love, Bellona, Osman-Pasha, the Incas of Peru, Savages, a dance of flowers, a Persian fête, Boreus, Zephyrs, etc."

beginning with its third performance, an entry, the second, of the "Incas of Peru." The scene disclosed: "a Peruvian desert, ending in an arid mountain, whose peak was crowned by the crater of a volcano, formed of calcined rocks, and covered with ashes.¹ And, as they innocently said at that time, in order to justify this deployment of local color, and the momentary abandonment of the sempiternal mythological and fairy landscape, the Peruvian volcano seemed "even more true to life than a fairy scene, and quite as well fitted to give rise to chromatic music of the symphonic order!" Hence the auditors might be at rest, since the chromatic factor would not be deprived of its rights. The entrance of the Incas introduced Peruvians in picturesque costume on the stage; but the costumes are picturesque along the somewhat arbitrary lines of eighteenth century taste. Among those making up the group we might mention: Phani, Palla, Huajcar; there was also a French officer, Damon, and a Spanish officer, Alvar, both of them very much taken with the lovely Zima. We will not dwell upon the celebrated scene of the adoration of the sun, with its famed chorus "Brilliant orb"; nor will we go into detail as regards "the earthquake," to the uproar of the volcano, which is adduced as a "sensational" example of Rameau's art as a tone-painter.²

We will call attention here, above all, to the famous "Air of the Savages" introduced by Rameau in his opera-ballet in March, 1736. This air has quite a history. In 1725, at the time that he was working at the spectacles of the *Foire St. Germain*, the musician had composed a song and a dance intended for the exhibition of the Carib savages who had been brought to Paris. It is this very "Air of the Savages" which appears in the collection of clavecin pieces published between 1727 and 1731 (*Nouvelles Suites de pièces de clavecin*), and which Rameau replaced in the *Indes galantes*. Its energetic, decided theme, as Rameau sees it, takes on a character of the most concise stylization, and is compactly developed in odd rhythmic gestures and beats. Yet it



was in no wise inspired by folk-lore, and its well-defined tonality

¹Livret des *Indes galantes*—*Les Incas de Perou*, 2^e Entrée.

²*Indes galantes* (Ed. Durand), p. 206. Cf. *Sentiments d'un harmonophile*, p. 71.

and rhythmic firmness lead us to regard it without question as the own musical child of the composer of *Dardanus*. Nevertheless, Rameau took an interest in exotic music; in 1757, in the introduction of his *Nouvelles reflexions sur le principe sonore*, he assures us that he has seen all that Father Amiot of the Company of Jesus, for the space of sixteen years a missionary at Peking, had found it possible to collect regarding Chinese music; and his heroic ballet of the *Paladins*, composed not long after, and first performed on Feb. 12, 1760, includes a "Chinese Air." At the same time, it was impossible that he should have known, in 1725, the particulars set down by the Jesuit Father de Charlevoix, in his histories of Santo Domingo and Paraguay, nor the same Jesuit father's *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, all of them works, in the last analysis, decidedly deficient in information of a musical nature. On the other hand, he would have been able to read the *Histoire de la Conquête du Mexique*, by Don Antonio de Solis, of which a French translation appeared in 1691. Yet aside from some curious details regarding the dances of the Aztecs, and which describe a somewhat clumsy and elementary choreography which would adapt itself easily enough to the "Air of the Savages," Solis' work contains no more than a few lines devoted to Mexican music. He mentions "the flute players, and those who played certain conch-shells which produced a species of concerted music."¹

It therefore follows that it must, in all likelihood, be conceded that the "Air of the Savages" sprang fully armed and quivering with barbaric energy from the head of Rameau. An anecdote ascribes a most amusing origin to this air. The *danseuse* Sallé, taking a pin, pricked a number of holes in a sheet of music-paper which Rameau had given her, after which the latter gave each hole, representing a note, its rhythmic value, and thus the "Air of the Savages" came into being.² However, the famous melody,

¹*Loc. cit.*, pp. 289, 290. Solis speaks of wooden cymbals, varying in size and sonority, and not without "some sort of consonance." With regard to the dances of the Indians, with head-dresses of feathers and carrying feather scarves in their hands, see the section entitled: "The Great Temple of Mexico," p. 273.

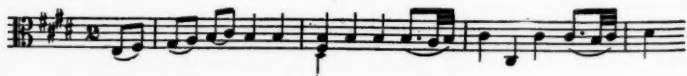
Trans. Note: Lucien Biart, in his "The Aztecs, Their History, Manners and Customs" (trans. from the French by J. L. Garner, Chicago, 1887), mentions the *huehuetle*, "a wooden cylinder, three feet high, carved and ornamented with paintings, its top covered with the skin of a deer, which could be stretched or loosened at will, according as the players wished to produce deep or rumbling sounds. This drum was played by striking the head with the fingers, which required a certain amount of skill." The *teponastle*, another drum, made in varying sizes, "still in use in some towns . . . has something melancholy in its tones; and is audible at a great distance." A substitute for the European castanet was the *axacatzli*, "a sort of gourd pierced with holes, which was filled with small stones." It constituted an enormous rattle, and was shaken in time with the playing of the other instruments.

²Anecdote reported by M. Arthur Pougin, in the introduction to the *Indes galantes* in the Michaelis edition.

which in the *Indes galantes* accompanies the duo *Fonts paisibles*, achieved a decided success, in spite of the satires which the *Almanach du Diable* (The Devil's Almanack) directed against Rameau in 1737. Though Desfontaines raged against the music of the *Indes galantes*, and though he declared that "Nature had no part at all in it"; though he said of the score: "Nothing could be more rough and uneven, nothing less polished; it is a road which one cannot walk without stumbling,"¹ other critics allowed themselves to be seduced by its exotic character, and the *Pour et Contre* (For and Against), came to the conclusion that the music "was genuinely Indian."² Rameau himself showed that he was well satisfied with his "Air of the Savages," of 1725, in his letter of October 25, 1727 to Houdard de la Motte. It proves how much he thought of this dance, when he says: "It rests entirely with you to come and hear how I have characterized the song and dances of the savages who appeared at the *Théâtre Italien* a year or so ago."

"The Air of the Savages" had a long life and many imitators. Not alone did Balbastro transfer it to the organ, at the *Concert spirituel*, in 1755; but one also finds an arrangement of it for two transverse flutes, violins or violas in the second *Recueil de pièces, petits airs, etc., du flutiste*, by Michel Blavet. On the other hand, the violinists, the younger Abbé and Tarade, supplied it with variations, and Gardel employs it in his first ballet: *Le Premier navigateur ou le pouvoir de l'amour* (July 25, 1785). Finally, Dalayrac made use of the "Air of the Savages" in the prologue to his comic opera *Azémia ou les Sauvages*, words by Lachabeausière, given *aux Italiens* on May 2, 1787.³ The *Mercure* of the day regards this interpolation in the mimic and descriptive symphony with which the work opens, as an act of homage to Rameau's greatness.

In the meantime, instrumental music furnished some specimens of American airs. The literature of the bass viol supplies us with the following example, which we borrow from an mss. collection which leans largely on pieces by Marais senior, Roland Marais, Forqueray, de Caix and others. This piece is entitled *L'Américaine*.⁴





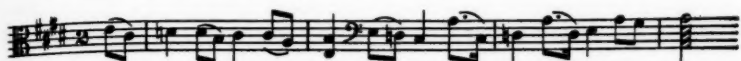
¹Observations sur les écrits modernes, II, p. 238.

²Le Pour et le Contre, VII, p. 22.

³The Air des Sauvages appears in the bass of the Allegro moderato of the Prologue.

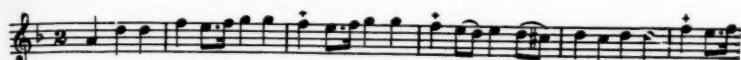
⁴Recueil de pièces de viole avec la Basse tiré des meilleurs auteurs. Bib. nat. See F. 6296, pp. 144, 145.

A little further on we find the succeeding passage, whose repeated figurations with a rhythm of  or  are not without a certain analogy to those frequently encountered in Indian melodies:



We might mention in particular, the "Fourth Harvest Song of the Iroquois" (Baker), various numbers of the Wa-Wan Press (Miss Fletcher), etc.¹

The famous violinist J. P. Guignon, published about 1746, his *Nouvelles Variations de divers airs et les Folies d'Espagne*, in which we meet with an "American Air,"



which is carried out in several variations, of which the second is in double-stops, and the third secures a species of bag-pipe effect, with a pedal-point on the tonic D, so that we have an American tune disguised in gallant shepherd style. Among viola airs we find other American remembrances; for instance one which appears in two collections² is called *Le Mississipi*.



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It is at this point that we should call attention to *le Huron*, comic opera in two acts by Grétry, with text by Marmontel. *Le Huron* was performed for the first time at the *Théâtre Italien*, on August 20, 1768. To speak the truth, the music of this score does not bear witness of any particularly American tendency; it confines itself to seconding and supporting the moral of the libretto inspired by Voltaire's little romance known as *l'Ingénu* which appeared in 1767.³

¹J. Tiersot. Loc. cit. p. 159 and 181.

²Recueil de contredanses transposées pour la vielle. Bib. nat., F. 3643, p. 67 and Recueil manuscrit No. 2547. Bib. de l'Arsenal, p. 235.

³Trans. Note: According to David Friedrich Strauss ("Voltaire," Leipsic, 1872), *l'Ingénu*, "the child of nature," is the best of Voltaire's romances, since, among the more extended tales, it is only one whose characters and incidents awaken genuine human sympathy and interest. Aside from being a work that awakens a real emotional reaction, it offers an admirable picture of the *mores* of the later half of the age of Louis XIV, in which time it plays.

The "Echoes of Boston" ends with a rapid movement in 6/8 time, which has been baptized: "The Flight of the English."

As to the naval battle which accompanies the *Divertissement*, it has been developed in accordance with the esthetic laws of the picturesque and descriptive which govern its type, and is inspired by events transpiring along the American coast-line. Corette even invents a sign to indicate how the "cannon-shots" are to be executed on the keyboard. We quote his description, though it is rather naïve: "Strike all the bass keys with the palm of the hand, to imitate the firing of the cannon—twenty-four pounders."

And while our instrumental music draws inspiration from the events taking place on the other side of the ocean, our dramatic music, for its part, celebrates the nation which is about to gain its liberty.

On November 18, 1779, Gardel presented at the *Opéra* a three-act ballet, *Mirsa*, whose action takes place in America. *Mirsa* scored a brilliant success, and Castil-Blaze, followed by Choquet¹ sees in this number an occasional piece: "they were fighting in America," writes Castil-Blaze, "we were the allies of the *insurgents* commanded by Washington; and the English were being defeated in every battle." Théodore de Lajarte has had no trouble in proving that the interpretation of *Mirsa* given by Castil-Blaze, does not in any way correspond with the facts. The long description of the ballet given in the *Mercure* of November, 1779, and a study of the text-book of *Mirsa* prove that nowhere is there any question of battles, "in which the English succumb." The ballet develops, however, a most sympathetic Franco-American atmosphere. It is a little pantomimic drama, whose plot does not lack variety, despite its simple nature, nor even emotion. *Mirsa* is the daughter of Mondor, governor of an American isle. She loves the handsome French colonel, Lindor; but their loves are troubled by the rivalry of a pirate. In the first act, so the *Mercure* reports, one laughs; in the second, one experiences lively emotion; in the third, "one is in turn divided between admiration and joy."

The third act is filled with the festivities celebrating the union of *Mirsa* and Lindor. These festivities take place on a vast esplanade lying in front of one of the terraces of Mondor's garden, and in the presence of the entire family, "surrounded by a crowd of Americans, Creoles and Negroes."

¹Castil-Blaze. *Théâtres lyriques de Paris*, I, pp. 402, 403. G. Choquet. *Histoire de la musique dramatique en France*, p. 362.

First of all we have a brilliant military parade. Lindor's regiment manœuvres and defiles beneath its colonel's eyes, and a corps of Americans then arrives to draw up facing the French regiment. The governor then has both detachments go through a sham battle, and drums beat the assembly, to the colors, and a "Boston March" as well, whose first measure we quote herewith:¹



After these military exercises, Mondor proceeds to the marriage of his daughter and Lindor, a warrior nuptial, celebrated to the sound of brass instruments. American officers and American ladies begin to dance, and to borrow the expression of the *Mercur*, "celebrate the festivities with the dances in vogue in their country."

The military parade was well conducted by M. Faydieu, sergeant in the regiment of the Guards. Two airs which above all seem to be connected with America, and in particular with the part played by the Chevalier d'Estaing in the War of Independence (October, 1781), are preserved in a collection of airs in the National Library, and bear the titles: *La Destain* and *Le Retour Destain* ("d'Estaing's Return").²

In the lyric tragedy *Pizarro*, or the Conquest of Peru, performed for the first time at the Royal Academy of Music on May 3, 1785, we see reappear Atabalipa, king of Peru, already laid under contribution on various occasions by French music. The scene is laid in Peru. Candeille had written the music of this opera, whose text was by Duplessis, and which had but a mediocre success, in spite of a brilliant cast: Lais taking the part of *Pizarro*, and the *Inca Atabalipa*, now *Atabaliba*, being played by Chéron. Mlle. Gavaudan the younger sang the rôle of *Alzire*, while La Guimard and Vestris danced.

In Act one we once more meet with the scene of the adoration of the sun which Rameau had already treated musically. The stage represents the frontal of the temple of the sun, whose ruins still exist in Cuzco, and without delay exotic effects are exploited. A march for the entry of Atabaliba, and his suite resounds: "this march," the book explains, "begins very softly, and increases gradually in power; there are negroes with kettledrums and others with small drums after the fashion of the country."

¹*Mirsa*. Act III, No. 1.

²Bib. nat. See F. 4865, fos. 55 and 57.

This march is dominated by a commonplace melody played by the piccolo, local color being supplied only by the instrumentation. Then the temple doors open and the high priest issues forth, followed by the young virgins dedicated to the worship of the sun. Now comes a new march of a more pronouncedly exotic character than its predecessor, with abrupt calls:



The high priest then sings the air: "Beneficent divinity," which is taken up by a five-part chorus; then follows an entry, *Allegro molto*, whose minor character is adorned with a langourous theme, embellished by ornamental connecting-links, and supported by the orchestral percussives.

Following this, the Peruvians dance, heavily, to a movement in 6/8 time, where the repeated oscillation on a strong accent does not fail to recall the insistence of accent shown in the first part of the "Dance for the Invocation of the Spirit," collected by Doctor Boas.¹ Yet here the rhythmic stress repeats a fourth seven times in succession, while in the dance of the Peruvians, the recurring stress goes on while broadening out from a fourth to a sixth. At the same time this far-away resemblance is lessened by the fact that the "Dance for the Invocation of the Spirit" is a dance of Northern America.

According to the *Mercure*, the action of the piece gave rise to criticisms which were softened and equalized by its spectacular pomp and the variety of its tableaux, "in accordance with the habits and the costumes of the peoples represented on the stage."² The march of the Inca gave pleasure, and it was admitted that his character had been "well expressed"; also, the dance airs seemed to be good of their kind; but in general—and we cannot help but agree with this opinion—the music was accused of lacking originality.³

Atabalipa makes a fresh appearance in Méhul's *Cora*, unsuccessfully given at the *Opéra* on February 11, 1791. Only, on this occasion the name of the Peruvian sovereign was shortened by eliding the syllable, and he became quite simply *Atalipa*.⁴ Once more we meet with him in the temple of the sun and the Peruvian buildings which form the stage-setting for the first

¹J. Tiersot. Loc. cit., p. 165.

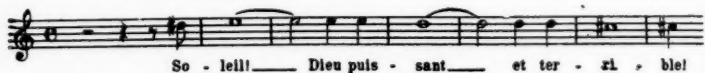
²*Mercure*, May 14, 1785, p. 82.

³*Mercure*, May 21, 1785, p. 136.

⁴Lais played the part of *Atalipa*, and Quito was the scene of action.

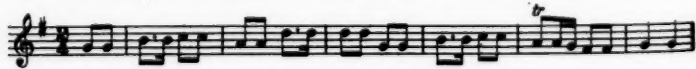
act; and again we witness the festival of the god of light, and *Cora*, the heroine of the piece, is proclaimed the chosen of the godhead. She must take an oath of fidelity to the sun; but the unfortunate girl loves the Spaniard *Alonzo*, which fact permits the development of tragic permutations, in the course of which appears a certain *Hascar*, who recalls the *Huascar* of the *Indes galantes*.

Of Méhul's music we will cite the invocation of the priests of the sun (Act III):



in which the composer has evidently tried only to secure dramatic effect, without giving a single thought to local color; while Rameau confides his Invocation to the Sun, "Brilliant orb," to an ascending theme written in sixths, and seems to conform to the account given by the Jesuit Father de las Casas, in the sixteenth century, of the ceremonial of the sun worship, in which this cleric shows us the Inca king leading the chant in honor of the sun with sovereign authority—a song which continues to ascend in degree and measure, just as the planet itself rises above the horizon.¹ And this ascensional character is exactly that given by Rameau to his invocation.

Nor are we done, as yet, with the Incas and the ceremonials of their cult. The publication, in 1788, of Bernadin de Saint-Pierre's immortal eclogue *Paul et Virginie*, as a natural consequence focusses the attention of dramatic composers on another aspect of American music, on American negro music. All authors agree in recognizing that the negro has remarkable musical aptitudes. The negroes of Louisiana speak a kind of French jargon at once childish and touching, a dialect associated with melodies whose tenderness and emotional depth cannot be denied. Between the years 1790 and 1795 negro airs begin to make their appearance in musical compositions, and we see Muzio Clementi interpolate in Sonata I of his Op. xxix a charming and caressing *Arietta alla negra*, designating it *Andante innocento*, a descriptive phrase which underlines its childlike ingenuousness of character.²



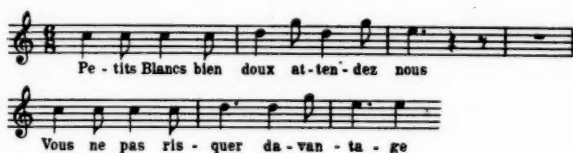
¹*De las antiguas gentes del Peru* (Concerning the Ancient Peoples of Peru), por el padre F. B. de Las Casas. Reprinted, Madrid, 1892, pp. 93, 94.

²This theme is then developed in the form of variations.

In writing his *Paul et Virginie*, whose first performance took place at the *Comédie italienne* on January 15, 1791, and whose libretto follows—at some distance—Bernadin de Saint-Pierre's romance, Rodolphe Kreutzer has not failed to introduce negro airs in his score. There is in Scene 1, Act I, a little song sung by *Virginie* to *Paul*, a song which the negro *Dominique* has taught her:



And in Scene 6 of the same Act, there is a chorus: *Petite blancs bien doux, attendez-nous* ("Little whites so kind, wait for us").



The negroes construct a litter of boughs on which they carry *Virginie* while they sing:



When three years later, the subject of *Paul et Virginie* was again taken up, this time by Lesueur, aided by Dubreuil with regard to the text, Lesueur does not seem to have made the effort displayed by his predecessor to give his tunes a folk-lore impress.¹

Once again we behold the adoration of the sun, which is now introduced, however, in the guise of a *hors d'œuvre*. And this point did not escape the attention of the contemporary press. "The composer of *Paul et Virginie*," says the *Journal de Paris* on Jan. 17, 1794, "has had recourse to an episode foreign to his story in order to extend the latter, one which in our opinion is

¹*Paul et Virginie*, Comedy in Three Acts, was presented at the *Théâtre de la rue Feydeau*, the 25th Nivôse of the Year II.

hurtful to the principle end in view." The "Indian Savages" sing a hymn, noble in character, to the rising sun, with great cries of appeal carried along on a single note. In the second act there is also a chorus: "To the god of light," enwrapped with an atmosphere of sonority, where the *pizzicati* of the strings sparkle while flutes sing:



Lesueur's *Paul et Virginie* is the last lyric work of the eighteenth century whose scene of action is laid in America. Thus, as we have said at the beginning of our article, the older music of France has borrowed actually but little from American folk-lore, and it has hardly brought local color into play except through the medium of the spectacular. Notwithstanding, it seems of interest to recall that four of the greatest of French musicians, Lully, Rameau, Méhul and Lesueur, have treated American subjects, and have taken pains to characterize the indigenes of America by means of typical themes or an appropriate instrumentation.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens)

